



Together[®]

*The Midmonth Magazine
for Methodist Families*

OCTOBER/1962

In this issue—

Martin Luther GREATEST OF REFORMERS

BY ROLF KNIERIM
University of Heidelberg

*First of a series
on 12 men who stand tall
on the pages of Protestant history.
Their ideas light the paths
for living today—and
provide background
for this series:*

OUR METHODIST HERITAGE

◀ *Then shall the trees of the wood
sing out at the presence of the Lord.*

—I CHRONICLES 16:33



*Across the
Tiber River
is Hadrian's
Tomb. Once
a fortress and
papal prison,
it's now a
museum.*

IN ROME, Ponte Sant' Angelo Methodist Church could easily pass unnoticed amid the Eternal City's crowding grandeurs: medieval towers, Renaissance palaces, ghostlike structures, and millenium-old ruins. This little church, part of the British Methodist Missionary Society's work in Italy—is virtually in the shadow of Vatican City, a fact that is symbolic, perhaps, of its heroic struggles in a predominately Roman Catholic country where Protestant churches have never operated in complete freedom [see *Methodism With an Italian Accent*, page 33].

Methodist Church in Rome

A 'Discovery' for Visitors from Distant Lands



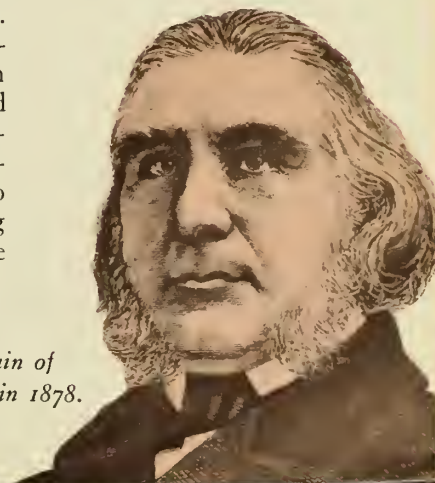
Ponte Sant' Angelo Church on the Tiber: When the haze lifts, St. Peter's Cathedral is plainly visible in the middle distance.

Directly across the Tiber from the imposing mausoleum built for Emperor Hadrian, the chapel—described by the present pastor, the Rev. Rinald Kissack, as “embarrassingly small”—is usually filled with members and Protestant visitors from all parts of the English-speaking world. The old building resembles a business house or apartment building—which, in part, it is. It was opened in 1878 by Alessandro Gavazzi, an eloquent former Roman Catholic priest who once with the pope to lead a Free Church movement in Italy. He filled the pulpit for 12 years, and

the church passed to Methodism after his death.

Significantly, the doorway of Ponte Sant' Angelo Chapel opens at the spot where in 1560 an early Protestant—a Waldensian—was hanged and burned. And elsewhere in the city, under cobblestone streets and broad avenues, are the catacombs where yet earlier Christians went into hiding to worship and write new and inspiring chapters in the 2,700-year-old book that is the recorded history of the Eternal City.

Gavazzi: A former priest, friend and chaplain of Garibaldi, he opened the church in 1878.





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Together



Is thy heart right, as my heart is
with thine? Dost thou love and
serve God? It is enough. I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

ONE DAY in March, 1945, four American soldiers in a Jeep spotted a German boy in civilian clothes riding a bicycle into the occupied German town of Pirmasens. As they approached, the youth suddenly took a pistol from his pocket and threw it into the grass. Instantly four rifles were trained on him.

In the tense half second that followed, 16-year-old Rolf Knierim could have been riddled with bullets. He was, in fact, a member of the German home guard, but was not wearing the usual armband.

"I had put my armband and pistol in my coat pocket and thus appeared to be a civilian," he explains. Overcome by the sight of occupying troops and tanks, it had not occurred to him earlier to throw away his pistol, although he knew that civilians caught with weapons could be shot.

That evening, young Knierim was questioned by an American officer who spoke fluent German, "was short, had dark hair and eyes, and wore rimless glasses over a very intelligent face." The hapless boy assumed him to be a former German Jew. "He asked me what my work was. I told him I was a high-school student and pointed out the school across the way. Then he asked me how old I was. . . . He smiled and told me to go home. In fact, he even took me through the guards—it was already after curfew. As we parted, he extended his hand to me and wished me the best of luck."

Deep in thought, young Knierim made his way home. We do not know to what extent this experience helped to mold the character of Rolf Knierim as it is today. One thing is certain, the Americans had been humane. They had treated him with kindness. He had not been killed as he had expected he would be. Had any one of four American soldiers pressed a trigger on March 21, 1945, someone else—perhaps a lesser authority—would have written *Martin Luther, Greatest of Reformers*, which launches the new *Our Methodist Heritage* series on pages 16-19 in this issue. And there would have been no Dr. Rolf Knierim, distinguished biblical scholar, minister, assistant professor of Old Testament at the University of Heidelberg, and a leader of Methodism in present-day Germany.

We imagine there are a few Methodist ministers in this country who have had an experience similar to that of the Rev. Reginald Kissack when he moved from England into his church-parsonage in Rome a few years ago. "This house had collected dust from disuse," he recalls, "and there had been no consistent sort of work here. We arrived . . . in a thunderstorm. Nobody had thought to connect the gas. The rain was coming through the roof. A pile of rubble and cement had been dumped before the door."

But things have changed, and are changing, not only at the church in Rome but throughout Italy. For story and pictures, see pages 2-3, then turn to 33-35 for Mr. Kissack's article.

—YOUR EDITORS

Together

OCTOBER, 1962

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Rev. Ray Nowlin, Clinton, Illinois.

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Mrs. Les L. Gray, Waco, Texas.

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Charles Summitt, McKeesport, Pennsylvania.

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My occupation is _____ Age _____

My beneficiary is _____ Relationship _____

I also hereby apply for coverage for the members of my family listed below:

	NAME (Please Print)	AGE	HGHT.	WGHT.	BENEFICIARY
1.					
2.					
3.					
4.					

To the best of your knowledge and belief, have you or any person listed above ever had high or low blood pressure, heart trouble, diabetes, cancer, arthritis or tuberculosis or have you or they, within the last five years, been disabled by either accident or illness, had medical advice or treatment, taken medication for any condition, or been advised to have a surgical operation? ☐ Yes ☐ No
If so, give details stating person affected, cause, date, name and address of attending physician and whether fully recovered: _____

Neither I nor any other person listed above uses alcoholic beverages, and I hereby do apply for a policy with the understanding that the policy will not cover any conditions existing prior to the issue date, and that it shall be issued solely and entirely in reliance upon the written answers to the above questions.

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Letters

6 Ds? They Have 7 Js!

MRS. JAMES HUME, JR.
Batavia, N.Y.

We were most interested in People Called Methodists No. 24, 6 Ds From Oklahoma and Their 700 Sheep [July, page 23], for we are a family of 7 Js and live on a large dairy farm in



western New York. We began as Jim and Jean and now include Jeff, nine, Joel, seven and a half, Judd, five and a half, Jack, three and a half, and Jill, one and a half.

We enjoy TOGETHER so much—the boys especially love the pictures. It is a wonderful magazine and we are proud to have it in our home.

It's a 'Hot' Cover

MRS. ROBERT PRITCHARD
Faulkton, S.Dak.

Congratulations on your splendid August cover picture of our South Dakota Badlands. I could almost feel the oppressive heat which is typical of that area in the summertime. *Boy Scouts Remember* [page 2] was one of the most heartwarming stories I've ever read.

Who Can Top This?

HENRY E. RILEY, JR., Assoc. Pastor
Centenary Methodist Church
Richmond, Va.

Homer E. Enlow wrote that the Rosario Class of the First Methodist Church, Akron, Ohio, has been in existence since 1880 [Letters, August, page 8].

Here in Richmond, the Morton Bible Class of Centenary Methodist Church

is reputed to be the oldest Bible class in America. It has an unbroken record from the fall of 1857. For many years it was for men exclusively, but now is open to women, too. During its existence, it has had only five teachers.

Does anyone know of a Methodist church-school class that has been in continuous existence more than 105 years?—Eds.

Map Locates Colleges

CARL E. HEARN, Pastor
First Methodist Church
Ottawa, Ill.

TOGETHER's College-Emphasis Issue [June] was magnificent. Eight Boy Scouts from my church's troop are members of a God and Country Class. As their June project, they drew a map on which were located Methodist colleges and universities.

You can imagine their enthusiasm over the lists of Methodist-related schools in the June issue. All but two of the boys were receiving TOGETHER in their homes previously. We now have two new subscribers.

Evansville College Co-ops

EDWARD C. SUSAT, Director
Co-operative Training
Evansville College
Evansville, Ind.

We read *Don't Be Afraid to Borrow for College* [June, page 20] with great interest. The co-operative work-study plan of education is available to engineering students in Southern Methodist University and Evansville College. A student can earn from 50 to 100 percent of his college expenses. However, the educational values are of greater importance.

Science Is Wonderful, But—

MRS. GLADYS M. AYERS
Seattle, Wash.

Re Truth Through Science and Religion [June, page 53]: When Prof. W. H. Bernhardt says that the Divine is not moved by the passions which control man, does he mean that God is not a God of love?

Much of the Old Testament never reaches high and holy love because Jesus had not come to reveal the great love of God. Teachings in the New

Testament center in our accepting God in Christ. Why should we have to learn the "art of being incidental" and feel that "we play a role, but not the leading role in any cosmic drama"?

Science is wonderful for helping us know about the physical world, but there are spiritual laws that must be discovered through accepting Jesus Christ as our Savior from sin as individuals and as nations, or our scientific achievements will destroy us. Individuals, led by God, can transform the world.

Story With a Moral

MRS. A. C. SCIPLE
Shuqualak, Miss.

I read to young children during the children's story hour in the local public library. After I read *A Little Speech About Mothers* [May, page 62], a four-year-old said, "You know something? Our mothers love us even when they have to spank us."

Thank you for TOGETHER!

'May His Tribe Increase . . .'

CLAUDE M. MORGAN, Attorney
Huntington, W.Va.

The *Odyssey of Sergeant Bates* [July, page 20] is one of the most moving stories that I have ever read, but at the same time it is almost unbelievable. If, within two and one half years after Appomattox, the Southern people could so welcome a former enemy soldier, their spirit of forgiveness was certainly Godlike and divine.

If this country should be defeated by a foreign power and much of its territory laid waste and, less than three years later, a former enemy soldier carried his country's flag through the land, would the people welcome him with open arms?

Anyway, may the tribe of Sergeant Bates increase. If we had more like him, the world would be a better place in which to live.

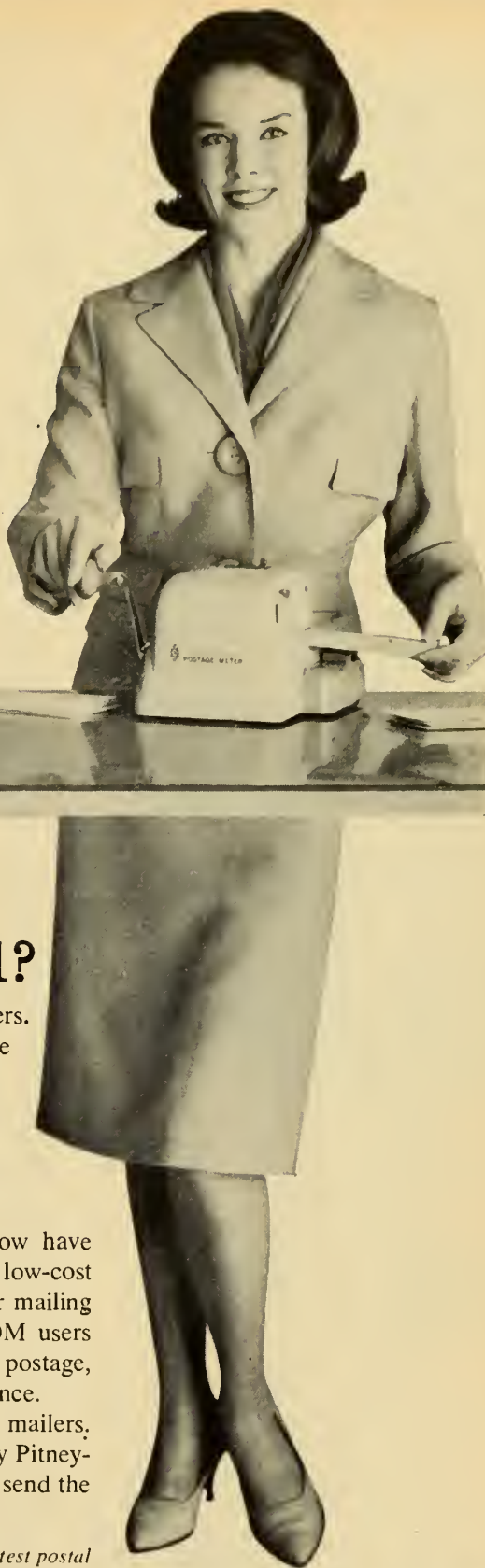
For Professionals Only

WILLIAM E. EDMONSTON, JR.,
Instructor
Washington Univ. School of Medicine
St. Louis, Mo.

In reply to a teen-ager's query if hypnosis might be effective in teaching him to play a musical instrument [Teens Together, August, page 36], Dr. Richmond Barbour writes: "No, it wouldn't. Hypnotism is risky."

It is dubious that anyone can make a categorical statement regarding the use of hypnotism for teaching or treatment without a thorough knowledge, history, and evaluation of the individual making the request. A letter to an advice column does not constitute such an evaluation.

Hypnosis is approved as a form of



Who left the stamp box unlocked?

"I did, Mr. Simpson. It's empty anyway. Remember the letters you sent out this morning? We're out of postage—again."

"I would like to suggest, Sir, that we stop sticking messy little stamps, running out of stamps, locking up a stamp box, worrying about the postage account—and get a postage meter!"

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treatment by both the British and the American Medical Associations and the American Dental Association. It is recognized as an area of special competence by the American Psychological Association. Hypnosis is not risky—when it is used by competently trained psychologists, physicians, and dentists.

Dr. Barbour's reply was addressed to young persons attempting hypnosis. When he said it is dangerous business, he meant that it is dangerous to those who do not know exactly what they are doing and use it as a toy.—Eds.

Dogging Our Comment

MRS. B. T. PIPER

Bloomfield, Neb.

Origin of the term "dog days," which you wonder about in the August issue [page 5], is explained in Oral E. Scott's book, *The Stars in Fact and Myth*, from which I paraphrase:

Sirius, the star of apparent greatest brightness, known as the "dog star," rises shortly after the sun during the summer and follows the sun closely across the sky during the hottest days. The ancients believed that Sirius, in the constellation Canis Major, was responsible for the intense heat, and attributed a malign influence to it. They also thought dogs were more likely to go mad during this period.

Methodist Church—Age 900!

HAROLD C. KOCH, Pastor

Summerfield Methodist Church
Philadelphia, Pa.

Is our church building in Glaznoty, Poland, dating from the 14th century, really the oldest in Methodism? That possibility was suggested in that interesting article on *Methodists in Poland* [June, page 37]. But I think there's an older one in Florence, Italy.

Several times during my tour of combat duty in Italy with the Fifth Army, I visited with the Rev. Ludovico Vergnano, then the pastor. He told me the church was built about the year 1000, and was used by an order of monks.

During my visit repairs were being made and workmen discovered beneath a false ceiling, a much older one with a fresco. Later it was restored by the National Art Commission.

The church stands on Via de' Benci, #9, and was built around a lovely courtyard garden, typical of the early monastic layouts. Living quarters, garden, and church complete the unit. Regrettably, I had a very poor camera when in Italy and do not have a Kodachrome of the church.

My apologies to the Polish church, but let the honor fall where it is due!

Yes, we know! Here's a picture snapped by one of our staff men last

summer. This ancient edifice is in downtown Florence, easy for tourists to find. The Rev. Sergio Carile is now pastor. We plan in a later issue to reproduce in full color that ceiling painting.—Eds.



Creation in Color: Why Not?

MRS. MORIENNE L. THATCHER

Ravenna, Mich.

I enjoy *TOGETHER* more than any magazine I have ever read. The articles are inspiring. The *Seven Days of Creation* [July, page 18] was wonderful, but I was disappointed that the pictures were not in color.

Our Methodist church has put *TOGETHER* in our public library, and we have heard wonderful comments about it. Our church also has taken advantage of the special Family Plan rates.

Sorry about the color lack—but our photos were in black and white. However, our artist, Floyd A. Johnson, did his conception of the Creation story in watercolors and these were reproduced in color [December, 1956, page 35].—Eds.

Their Opposition Is Official

R. A. FANGMEIER, Dir. Citizenship
United Christian Missionary Society
Indianapolis, Ind.

Does Society Have the Moral Right to Take Human Life? [May, page 34] was a very informative article. The Disciples of Christ has a resolution opposing capital punishment. It was passed at the International Convention of Christian Churches (Disciples) at its 1956 annual assembly in Cleveland.

Needed: Revelation

DON G. OLSON

Ruskin, Nebr.

After reading *Does Society Have the Moral Right to Take Human Life?* [May, page 34], I must conclude that, on the basis of the arguments offered, the question can never be resolved. Here, as in many questions, scriptural

Together / NEWSLETTER

CITE FAITH OF CHRISTIANS UNDER FIRE. Two Methodist leaders recently cited the unflinching faith of Christians behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains. Speaking to the recent Southeastern Jurisdiction Missionary Conference at Lake Junaluska, Bishop Paul N. Garber of Richmond, Va., said the fact that Methodist churches in Poland have kept the faith despite "dark days" is evidence that "we are not in a post-Christian era." [See Methodists in Poland, April, page 37.] Dr. Tracey K. Jones, associate general secretary of the Division of World Missions, Methodist Board of Missions, told an interdenominational missionary conference in East Northfield, Mass., that Western Christians must never lose faith in the Christians of Communist China. After 12 years of persecution, isolation, and humiliation, he said, the only Christians left in China are those who are absolutely devoted to Christ. He added this story of stubborn survival of Christianity under persecution "has implications for all Christendom."

ONE GREAT DAY OF SINGING. Methodism will focus attention on its great heritage of hymnody in a nationwide hymn sing Sunday, November 4. Sponsored by the National Fellowship of Methodist Musicians (NaFOMM) and executive secretaries of the conference Boards of Education, the churchwide Hymn Festival will re-emphasize the spirit of song given the denomination by John and Charles Wesley, and will urge Methodists to revitalize their interest in and appreciation of The Methodist Hymnal and its proposed revision [see page 64].

WORLD METHODISTS MEET IN 1966. Representatives of the 42.5 million Methodist adherents throughout the world will meet somewhere in Great Britain, probably London, the last half of August, 1966, for the 11th World Methodist Conference. Date for the session was set recently by the Executive Committee of the World Methodist Council.

SPEND \$1 BILLION FOR NEW CHURCHES. The U.S. Department of Commerce estimates that church construction will total \$1 billion during 1962. If it does, the amount spent for new church buildings will exceed by \$16 million the 1961 expenditure, but still will be under the all-time high of \$1,013,000,000 set in 1960.

(More church news on page 68)



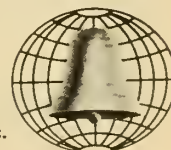
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arguments are used to prove an opinion, not to create a belief.

I am opposed to capital punishment. It, along with communism and segregation, are concepts fallen far behind human development. They, with many other concepts which we cling to, are permissible only in a culture whose concepts of God, eternity, and man's purpose here are fallen behind reality.

Before such questions can be wholly resolved, a newer and more vital revelation of things eternal must be allowed. Human progress is the history of such revelations.

Her Family Remembers . . .

MRS. NORMAN KIRCHHOFF
Humboldt, Iowa

I'm writing to tell you how much I enjoy TOGETHER. My family was especially interested in *French Protestants Rally for Renewal of Faith* [July, page 29]. My great-great-grandmother was a Huguenot who fled with her family from France to Holland about 1815.

Helped Him Win an A

DEXTER HARVEY
Jackson, Ky.

Just a note to tell you how much I enjoyed TOGETHER, sent me by the Methodist mountain mission workers. Being a country boy and raised with an old-fashioned Methodist preacher, I had never seen the likes of it.

Using TOGETHER for a reference, I received an A on a term paper entitled *Wesley the Methodist* at Kentucky Mountain Bible Institute. Had it not been for your kindness in giving such things as these, many a Kentucky Methodist couldn't read of our common heritage—Methodism.

Words Can Kill Beauty

J. R. BROWNRIGG, Sign Painter
Iola, Kans.

The Rev. Ralph A. Edwards in his letter [July, page 8] objects to using the woodcut by Albrecht Dürer [April, page 22] to illustrate *The Easter Story*. He takes the attitude that only the wealthy can afford culture. This goes against the belief of the founder of our Church. John Wesley felt that being poor was no reason to be ignorant.

As an artist by avocation, I don't feel that you have to know in words what an artist is trying to say and sometimes in trying to put a work of art into words, we kill the beauty of it.

Back to the Law Books!

NORRIS W. TINGLE
Baltimore, Md.

Leonard W. Larson asserts in the July *Powwow* that the United States Supreme Court ruled in 1960 (*Fleming vs. Nestor*) that Social Security is

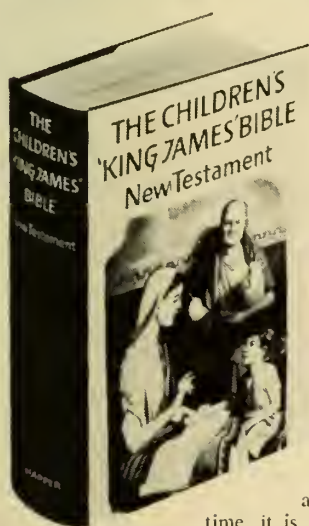
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BUT GOD CAN

by Robert V. Ozmont

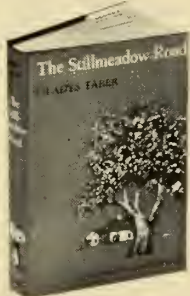


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not insurance, but a tax program by which current taxes are used to pay benefits to those already retired, and that taxpayers acquire no rights to future benefits.

As a matter of documented fact, the Supreme Court did not rule on either of these matters in the case cited. But the majority opinion written by Justice Harlan contains wordage contrary to the assertions of Dr. Larson. It states that the Social Security Act "take(s) the form of old-age insurance and disability insurance benefits inuring to the wage earner . . ." and, further, that "the tax proceeds are paid into the Treasury 'as internal-revenue collections' . . . and each year an amount equal to the proceeds is appropriated to a Trust Fund, from which benefits and the expenses of the program are paid."

Justice Douglas, in his dissent, quoted Senator George, one of the authors of the Social Security System, as follows: "Social Security is not a handout; it is not charity; it is not relief. It is an earned right based upon the contributions and earnings of the individual. As an earned right, the individual is eligible to receive his benefit in dignity, and self-respect."

I recommend that Dr. Larson read the entire case of *Flemming vs. Nestor* reported at 363 U.S. 603; 80 Supreme Court 1367.

June 'A Valuable Guide'

MELVIN V. OLSON, Assn't. Pastor
South Pasadena Methodist Church
South Pasadena, Calif.

The June issue of *TOGETHER* has been your outstanding one to date, in my opinion. You have presented to all Methodists the concern of their church for higher education—and given us both an interesting history and a valuable guide. We look for more issues of this caliber.

Discipline—Feline Style

MRS. H. GUY LOUDERMILK
Nappanee, Indiana

It was with great interest that I read *Animals Don't Spare the Rod* [July, page 28]. I have proof that bears that out.

We had two Siamese cats, mother and son, and rarely let them outside alone—never after dark. But one evening, as dinner guests arrived, Pooh, the son, slipped out and wouldn't come to me when I called. The longer he stayed out, the more Sui, the mother, paced the floor, haunted the windows, and cried.

Finally, about eleven o'clock, I heard Pooh at the door and let him in. When he was about three steps into the room, Sui, the mother, jumped on him and whipped him soundly. Three days later was the first we saw her pass him without a growl and a hiss.



Sometimes They Let Me Preach

By J. GUY MILLER

ONE AUGUST day the minister of our church walked into my store and greeted me cheerfully. He often stops to chat when he is downtown, so I thought it was just a routine visit.

"October 15 is Laymen's Day, and we've been planning our service," he began. I nodded, remembering similar services.

"Roy will handle the announcements and conduct the first part of the service. Dan will read the Scripture and lead the responsive reading."

"They're very good choices," I commented.

"And you will preach the sermon!" he said.

My mouth dropped. Finally I answered, "If you think I can do it, I'll try."

I am no Bible scholar or practiced public speaker. Turning over lots of topics, I decided the subject I was best able to handle was a statement of my own faith. I titled it *This I Believe*.

When I began the actual writing, I found it easier than I expected. The sermon had been so much on my mind it was mostly a matter of putting thoughts on paper, arranging and rearranging them in logical order.

Then, night after night at my store (where I pulled the shades so passersby would not question my sanity), I practiced my delivery to racks of coats and suits and shelves of merchandise.

Eventually, I could go completely through the talk without faltering. Now I was ready to try it in the church.

Viewed from any angle, our sanctuary is a rather large room. From the pulpit, however, it seemed enormous. With my daughter as my audience, I practiced again and again, trying to feel at ease in the spot where the pastor always looked so much at home.

In the beginning, two months seemed ample time to prepare a 25-minute talk. Now it seemed not a day too long.

That October 15, I woke up unusually early

and before long lost count of the cups of coffee I drank. On my way to church, I wondered how I could keep from turning back.

Smiles and words of encouragement from choir members were meant to be helpful, but my heart was pounding so hard I scarcely noticed them. The organ prelude began, and the choir filed into the sanctuary. Dan, Roy, and I solemnly took our places in the chancel.

In a center pew toward the front, the pastor flashed a reassuring smile. My wife and daughter looked a bit more tense than usual, but I thought I detected a trace of pride in their glances. I comforted myself with the thought that if my voice failed or I fainted, either of them could give the talk as well as I.

As the last note of the hymn of preparation faded, I stepped nervously to the pulpit. It was a good thing that I had decided to talk from notes. If I had had to read I could not have seen a word. At first I hesitated to look at any face in the congregation.

My voice trembled as I started to speak. Then, as I heard the words coming out just as I had planned, my confidence grew. And as I went on, I was no longer jittery with perspiration on my brow.

Unlike the many hours of rehearsal, now I felt an earnest desire to share the convictions of my faith with these fellow Christians. More than just to "preach," I wanted to testify to my sincere belief in Jesus Christ and his teachings.

While we sang the closing hymn, there was time for a short prayer of thanks—thanks for the opportunity, thanks that I had accepted, and—to be honest—thanks that it was over.

I do not know if the things I said were of help to anyone that Sunday morning. But this I do know: it was an experience of Christian growth for me. And when I wonder if my halting efforts can have any value, I recall Jesus' parable and thrill to the realization that God can use even me—a one-talent man.

Hearty singing and lively conversation—even pageants and dramas—typified life in the Martin Luther household. Holidays brought special celebrations, as this old print shows.



LUTHER—the Man

THE WORLD has not been the same since Martin Luther emerged from the turbulence of 16th-century Europe.

Yet he began his 62-year life in the humblest of surroundings, the son of a miner in the small village of Eisleben in central Germany.

Hans and Margaret Luther had little wealth to pass along to Martin and his six siblings. But they administered stern discipline—and instilled ambition. For Martin, the eldest, his father particularly sought the best schooling for a career in law. At 22, he was well on the way toward that goal when, precipitately, he entered a monastery. His father was furious at first, then gave reluctant consent.

Not until 20 years later were the father and son truly reconciled when Martin fulfilled another of his father's dreams. Early in 1523, two

years after his courageous stand before the Diet of Worms, Luther was preaching at Castle Church in Wittenberg and lecturing at the university there. Unexpectedly, he received a plea from 12 nuns who sought aid to escape from their convent—an act punishable by death. Luther arranged a plan with a merchant who regularly supplied the convent with food. One dark night, the 12 sisters were carted to safety in empty herring barrels.

Some of the 12 returned to their homes, others found jobs and husbands. Finally only one, Katherine von Bora, remained. Almost in jest, Luther announced that he might take Katherine as his wife. Old Hans was delighted. As Luther wrote to a friend: "I cannot deny my father the hope of progeny."

The marriage in 1525 proved a blessed union. Despite the difference in their ages (he was 42, she 26),

"beloved Katie" soon became Luther's trusted helpmate—and the shrewd manager of his affairs.

Besides six youngsters of their own, the couple reared several orphaned children of relatives, took in student boarders, and entertained many guests. Often the household numbered up to 25 persons. Life in the former Black Cloisters monastery was generally filled with laughter, music, and the voluble conversation for which Luther was famous.

But there was sadness, too. Two of the Luther children died in childhood, and on one of these occasions Luther revealed the depth of his humanity. As 14-year-old Magdalena was buried, he said: "My dear little Lenchen, you will one day rise and shine like the sun. But for me, how strange it is to know that you are at peace with God and all is well, and yet to miss you so!"

—Paige Carlin

MARTIN

LUTHER—Greatest of

REFORMERS

By ROLF KNIERIM
Assistant Professor of Old Testament
University of Heidelberg, Germany

AMONG THE towering figures of Protestant history, none is accorded more universal recognition than the 16th-century German, Martin Luther. In practically all branches of what is now Protestant Christendom, this Augustinian monk is regarded as father of the Reformation movement.

Methodists, whose own particular spiritual heritage dates from a beginning two centuries after Luther, recognize in the great German leader the originator of beliefs they now accept as their own. His doctrines of justification by faith and the priesthood of all believers provide the cornerstone of unity and sympathetic understanding among the many diverse denominations which make up the 20th-century Protestant church. The yearly observance of Reformation Day on October 31—the date in 1517 when Luther nailed his famed 95 Theses to the door of Castle Church in Wittenberg—is the one uniquely Protestant event of the Christian year.

The growth of the young Martin Luther into leadership of a movement of such proportions is a gripping story of deep personal struggle, soul-searing inner conflict, and mammoth social upheaval which rocked the very foundations on which European life of the Middle Ages had been based. To understand fully the impact of Luther's life on his own and succeeding generations, the modern Christian must study much of the political and religious history of Renaissance Europe. It was an era in which Christianity was more than an organized church and a religious faith. It was at once political and theological, temporal and eternal in its claims upon the souls of its adherents. Throughout Europe the affairs of the Church were intimately bound up in the affairs of the state. Its leaders, far more than church dignitaries and guardians of the faith, were leading national figures, exercising powers far beyond the authority of either church or national officials of our day.

Luther was born into this setting in 1483, the son of a hardworking miner of remote Thuringia in central

NO. 1 in a series on OUR METHODIST HERITAGE

*about men whose
thoughts helped make
modern Methodism
a dynamic movement.*

Germany. His father, Hans, coveted for his son an education in the law and a career as a judge or government official. The father's plan almost succeeded. It quite possibly would have, in fact, had it not been for young Luther's experience on a sultry July afternoon in 1505.

Trudging along a country road in Saxony, he was overtaken by a sudden summer storm. As rain pelted down, Luther took refuge under a tree to wait out the storm. Suddenly, a lightning bolt rent the tree, knocked him to the ground, and left him gasping in terror to the patron saint of miners: "Save me, St. Anne! I will become a monk!"

The stroke of lightning shook the young law student to his very soul and placed before him the burning question of God's judgment of his life. What was the meaning and worth of his life in God's eyes? Over the vehement objections of his father, Luther followed his pledge to St. Anne by joining the strict Augustinian order in the city of Erfurt. He felt certain that here, in the state of highest earthly perfection, he would come to terms with himself and with God.

No monk took more seriously the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Luther subjected himself to the most severe mode of monastic life, hoping to achieve a certainty of God's recognition. But the longer he remained in the cloister, the more that hope dissipated. For, although he fulfilled all the laws of his order and more, he could find no assurance that he was acceptable to God. And he began to question whether he was acting truly out of pure love for God or out of fear and the hope of claiming a divine reward.

Eventually he concluded that his conduct was actually

determined by self-love. As long as conduct was based on such motives, he knew, he could make no claim to truly loving God. And love was not awakened so long as guilt was not forgiven—of this he was certain! Thus, everything depended upon forgiveness of sin and the certainty of that forgiveness. But the monastic life gave him no such certainty; he suffered only failure in his striving.

NO ONE knows precisely when and how the Reformation realization finally got through to Luther. It seems reasonably certain that he had no one climactic encounter through which he became the great reformer, no “heartwarming experience” such as Methodist founder John Wesley felt at Aldersgate. Rather, after countless days and nights of meditation, the recognition came to Luther through which he achieved a personal certainty of forgiveness. In the wake of that realization, he was pushed more and more into reforming activity.

In its reference to the “righteousness of God,” the 17th verse of the first chapter of Romans seems to have moved him particularly. In Paul’s exposition of God’s grace and beneficence, Luther saw a release from his fear of God’s retributive and punishing wrath. That punishment, he came to see, had fallen only on one, the God-man Christ, crucified in man’s stead, and through that event, man was freed. The sinner was given grace.

God’s righteousness, then, consists of this: That he let Christ be killed in place of the sinner, thereby pronouncing the sinner free. God’s righteousness does not meet man as a retaliatory settlement, but rather through Christ God meets man in forgiveness and in love. Thus, God does not approach man by first demanding of him good works but by bringing to him that which rightfully belongs to him through Christ’s sacrifice.

This righteousness of God, Luther reasoned, stands in sharp contrast to the righteousness of man. If God redeems man by grace, then man can make no claim to redemption on his own merits. This would be righteousness on the basis of the law and in opposition to the proclamation of the New Testament Gospel. If judged on the basis of what he himself is able to produce and achieve, man is damned and lost. But through Jesus Christ, God comes to man and saves him.

As this truth of the Gospel came alive for Luther in the summer or fall of 1514, it banished ghosts of the former piety in which he had hoped to find salvation and peace but found instead only unrest and inner torment. Here was the assurance of forgiveness. Here his faith and his theological thinking stood on a completely new basis—new not only for himself but for all Christendom as well. The importance of this insight for Luther is evident in the fact that here he reached the relative completion of his theological development.

His most significant writings, *Lectures on the Psalms* (1513-15) and *Lectures on Romans* (1515-16), were penned during this decisive period; and they bear unmistakably the stamp of the acute struggles through which the priest-turned-reformer was moving. It was, incidentally, Luther’s preface to the Epistle to the Romans which was being read the evening of May 24, 1738, at the Aldersgate Street chapel in London when

John Wesley experienced the warming of his heart. As Wesley wrote in his *Journal*, “About a quarter before nine, while he [Luther] was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation: And an assurance was given me, that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death.”

As we saw, Luther was driven to this question of justification by his determination to know God’s acceptance. He found instead that God asked only the free, selfless surrender of the whole man. Man is challenged in all things to love. Said Luther: “We have to love God because *he* is good, not because or if he is good to *us*.” But if this is true, what mortal actually fulfills the demand? And who then can be saved?

God’s word answers: No one. The beginning of justification consists first of all in bowing to the divine judgment. Man pronounces God just, relinquishing his own feelings of honor and pride to speak a total “yes” to God’s judgment. But a second side of justification immediately follows the first. It consists of man’s taking seriously the justification which God revealed in the cross of Christ, relating himself to it personally, grasping it, and holding it tight. Thus he discovers that God frees him from his guilt and declares him innocent. In this righteousness given by God, he recognizes himself as a new creature.

All this, Luther reasoned, is possible only through Christ. Without him there is no justification of man by God. Justification by faith, then, consists in this: That I take seriously God’s judgment upon me and the reality which determines my life. Insofar as I do this, the work of Christ happens to me; and I can and must witness that he has met me.

THE first consequence of this acceptance, as Luther saw it, is the certainty of being saved and the hope of remaining saved. It is a certainty based not upon experiences and observations which a person makes for himself but upon the fact of man’s dependence upon the judgment of God. It comes to him from Scripture and frees him for Christ’s sake—even when he knows in his heart he is a gross sinner. As man must concede God’s righteousness in view of his proud self-consciousness, he may now concede that righteousness in face of his own damning conscience.

This justification means that our sins no longer harm us. The backbone of sin is broken. It has no longer a valid claim upon us and is suppressed by new life. Justification is at once the beginning of a new life and its continuing source of strength. For now Christ, the resurrected, begins to change this life. He not only pronounced us righteous, but he also does what he said: he *makes* us righteous. He carries the battle onward for us from day to day and completes that which was here begun through life and into eternity.

From this point on, Luther concluded, our lives are determined by thankfulness for the undeserved compassion of God. It creates in us new hearts. It makes us free for God, awakes in us joy and love which previously were not possible. The Christian no longer needs a law

which binds him to God. All that he does is selfless, motivated by the Spirit of God. Love reigns over all his activities, and he becomes a new man.

From his recognition of justification by faith, there soon resulted for Luther a significantly changed concept of the church. He realized that the Gospel drew a dividing line between believers and nonbelievers which not only existed between men in general but extended right through Christianity. Those who make their decisions continuously in faith are the true body of Christ. This fellowship of believers is now truly a fellowship. At first Luther did not draw the corresponding conclusions from this, but he plainly stood against the Roman Catholic concept of the church when he said that the church did not consist in the succession of bishops but in the succession of believers.

LUTHER finally was compelled to break with the Catholic system in 1519 after his debates at University of Leipzig with the brilliant Catholic theologian and his onetime friend, Johann Eck. There he denied that the spiritual quality of the pope was higher than that of any priest. He disavowed the gradation of the hierarchy and the church's assertion that the hierarchy, with the pope at its head, was the bearer of the Holy Spirit. This brought the reformer to a core question: what is the Church?

After careful examination of the Scripture as well as church history and dogmatics, Luther answered: "The congregation as such has the power of the keys." The receivers and bearers of the Gospel are those who live in the congregation. Exposition of and witnessing to the Gospel are entrusted to the congregation. Pondering the significance of 1 Peter 2:9, Luther asserted that each messenger is equal to the other since the message is the same, and each messenger has the same right to interpret the Bible as any other. Not only the priest but every Christian layman has the power to forgive sins in the name of Jesus Christ.

With this statement, he arrived at the affirmation of the priesthood of all believers. And, with this sentence, Luther's image of the Church achieved its summit. Belief in God's word is the basic condition for the existence of the Church. The Church is therefore the fellowship of believers in all the world—the people who live by the word of God. Said Luther: "Whoever teaches the Gospel is pope and follower of Christ."

Under some circumstances, Luther maintained, the individual can be the Church. Moreover, he was convinced that among the people of God there can be no real distinctions, that no one is blessed by grace more than another. Whatever is given to each member is a gift of grace to be examined by the congregation and put into proper service. The gifts of all, elders of the church or princes of the land, should serve others.

From his thoughts about the priesthood of all believers, there arose for Luther a new concept of worship as well as of the Christian life. Worship, he determined, is constituted by the word as the means of grace through which God seeks man. The sacrament of Holy Communion, too, is nothing more than issuance of this word through which God promises man life and calls him to faith.

Upon these two concepts stands Christianity: promise and faith. The promise is valid for everyone in the same way and must be believed by each one. Worship, therefore, must be built so that every individual can participate in the issuance of the promise. The congregation must be permitted to enjoy the privilege of both the loaf and the chalice; the words of administration must be audibly spoken, and there must be preaching—understandable preaching!

Correspondingly, Luther concluded, it is true of faith and the Christian life that for personal faith there is no substitute, not even in ecclesiastical institutions. If the congregation is a priesthood of all believers, then every individual has the freedom of personal faith and personal certainty of salvation which cannot be assailed, precisely as he has the personal responsibility to live in this faith. He is driven by the Holy Spirit to love and do good works. In freedom, he does whatever is necessary even if he has to invent a new decalog, for love shows him the way.

In the 400 years since Martin Luther's death, Protestant thought has been in constant process of expansion and refinement. Far more brilliant thinkers have followed in his footsteps. But to the German monk, father and symbol of the Reformation, Protestant Christians of many traditions acknowledge profound admiration and gratitude.

Among Methodists, Luther's doctrines of justification by faith and the priesthood of all believers have become cornerstones of beliefs. In truth, there can be no understanding of the movement called Methodism unless it is set against the background of Luther's pioneering thought. And as to the man himself, the "people called Methodists" never have found reason to disagree with Wesley's assessment: "a man highly favored of God, and a blessed instrument in his hand."

The film Martin Luther, seen by millions since 1953 (and still available from Cokesbury Service Centers), poignantly depicts the reformer's life. His marriage to "beloved Katie" helped establish the parsonage-family tradition.



"Prayer is often used as a substitute for a gavel. People say the meeting will be opened with 'a few words of prayer,' and that's all it usually amounts to—words. Prayer is the achievement of a relationship with God that grows only from inner, spiritual discipline."

—Edgar N. Jackson
Pastor, Mamaroneck, N.Y.

There's **NO** Unanswered Prayer

By Margaret Blair Johnstone

"SOMEbody ought to write a Christmas story and call it *When Miracles Don't Happen*," a father said. "There must be millions of people like us who can't possibly give a child his heart's desire. What do you do when, instead of a Christmas bonus, there are unexpected medical expenses and night after night your son prays: 'God bless Mommy and Sister and the baby, and please fix it so Pop gets me that two-wheel bike?'"

"That question is as old as Christmas," I said, "and so is the answer."

I then told him of the day before Christmas when my father came into our barn and found me moving stacks of newspapers from the corner where I planned to tether my heart's desire. For months, I had entered all the juvenile strike-it-rich contests of that day which featured the jackpot supreme—a Shetland pony. Not trusting to luck entirely, I asked for

a pony for my birthday. That failing, I tried what I figured was a foolproof approach. "All I want for Christmas is a pony," I said, then added nightly prayer to daily badgering of my parents.

The closest I ever got to a Shetland pony was having my picture taken on one that an itinerant photographer led from school ground to school ground. But now that the years have passed, I see that I began to get close to something far more precious than a pony that day my father came into the barn and sat down on a stack of papers. "Look, child," he said, "you're going to have to face it. You cannot have a pony."

"But Papa, it's *all* I want. There isn't anything else in the whole wide world . . ."

"And there's nothing I'd rather give you. But I can't."

"It's *Christmas!* Maybe there will be a miracle."

"There's more to a miracle than getting what you want," to this day I can hear my father. "Sometimes a much greater miracle happens when you *don't* get it. But it's hard to wait long enough to realize it."

He then pointed out something I have shared with many who think happiness depends on total gratification of some heart's desire. "Even Joseph and Mary did not get what they wanted and needed: a room in the inn. But I often wonder—would Christmas *be* Christmas without the stable and all of the stories which center there?"

Not only at Christmas, but whenever we long for some heart's desire, many of us cheat ourselves by unconsciously limiting life's potential miracles. We steal from ourselves every time we think of God as a perpetual yes-man, a kind of grown-ups' Santa Claus who by prayer can be plagued into giving us what we

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want. But *is* God a yes man? If he is, what does that make *us*?

I once asked a group of parents to keep track for a week of their children's requests and how they answered them. The desires ranged all the way from peanuts to a plane ride. When we pooled our answers, we found none of us had been able to give our children half of what they wanted.

"What kind of spoiled brats would we have if we *could* say yes all the time?" one father asked.

Childish Ideas

In my work, I have wide contact both with those who consider themselves religious and those who do not. Time and again, I find that both believer and skeptic do not tap life's possible miracles because they are stymied by a spoiled-child's concept of prayer—and of God!

Skeptics, however, are frank to say, "Why pray? You can't tell me that 'someone in the great somewhere hears every word!' Besides, is it not pure egomania for humans to pester Providence, *if* any, for their own small concerns?"

But is prayer a mere gimmick whereby we snare the Almighty into doing what we want? If it is, then I thoroughly agree with one doubter who said to me, "Praying may be all right for kids, but not for anyone who is mature. I get along very well, thank you . . . and if the time comes when I don't, I'll take my bumps like a man."

When Life Is Too Much for Us

The more I work with troubled people and consider my own anxious times, the more I am convinced that we become confused, harassed, beaten by life because prayer for so many of us is either a lost habit or an untried technique. We go into a counselor's office and shut the door and pour out problems because we've forgotten or totally ignored the advice: "Go into your room and shut the door and pray."

Why *don't* we pray? It can usually be summed up in one word: *disillusionment*. We don't pray because some time in life we have faced, or watched others go through, some dread experience. We may have

prayed for the health of a loved one, strength to fight some weakness in ourselves, or success in landing a job. Then we have watched the dear one die, we have wakened with another hangover, or been beaten out of the job. "What's the use of praying?" we say. "God did not answer."

Like Spoiled Children

This reveals that subconsciously we think God is a yes-man and prayer a mere gimmick. So then, what do we do? Exactly what all spoiled children do. When disappointed, *spoiled children never question their desires nor themselves, they simply question, then doubt, then defy those who do not give them what they want.*

When the child-in-years cannot have a new dress for each holiday party or use the family car for taking his gang on New Year's Eve rounds, a common reaction is: "I might as well be an orphan. Don't mention parents to me. I often wonder if they *are* my parents."

The child-in-emotions who does not get his own way says, "I might as well speak to the wind. Don't talk to me about God. In fact, who says there *is* any God?"

Intellectual Weaklings

Any parent who has had to disappoint a child has run the gamut of emotion from amusement to heart-break as he watches his child's reactions. Sometimes, children's antics can be laughed at, for parents know they'll outgrow them. But sometimes, parents themselves grow heartsick. It's one thing to watch a six-year-old stomp off in a temper because he cannot have a second helping of dessert. It's quite another to watch a 16-year-old refuse to study and forfeit a good education because it interferes with second helpings of his favorite fun of the moment. I sometimes think God's initial amusement over some of our immature reactions to disappointment must turn into heart-sickness as he watches our increasingly arrogant actions.

Actually, arrogance proves we are not only emotional but intellectual weaklings. "God did not hear" . . . "There is no God" . . . We *think* we voice our disillusionment. We

seldom realize that disillusionment itself, particularly for those who have considered God a mere yes-man, is the healthiest experience possible!

Conversation With God

What, then, *is* prayer? I think one of the most helpful definitions of prayer was stated ages ago by Clement of Alexandria: "Prayer is conversation with God."

Many of us do not understand prayer because we do not know the full meaning of the word *conversation*. Most of us think conversation depends entirely on words. We figure it means vocal chitchat. Actually, it means "a general interchange of sentiments." To *converse* is "to have free intercourse in mutual communication of thoughts and opinions."

Why do so few of us understand prayer? We don't make it conversation; we deliver an ultimatum. We don't converse; we filibuster. When and if our filibuster flops, we stage a walkout or a sit-down strike. We cut ourselves off. As a result, we wonder why God seems less and less real to us.

Someday, I am going to write a book, and I know now what the jacket illustration and title are going to be. Those who confuse the sacred with the sanctimonious are shocked when I describe them. The jacket illustration will be a psychiatrist's couch. The title: "It's a Lot Cheaper to Pray!"

Self-made Bitterness

"Black despair can scarcely clutch and hold us long *once we talk it out* with a heart that understands," Kirby Page once said. This is the secret of the kind of therapy which comes to the troubled mind that finds a counselor to whom all things can be poured out freely. And this is the key to the healing that the broken heart finds on turning to the Counselor unto whom "all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid."

I have yet to meet the person, no matter how deeply hurt, who does not find comfort (in the true meaning of the word—for "comfort" means "with strength") once they grasp this fact: There is no unanswered prayer. All prayer is an-

swered. True, God cannot always answer "Yes!" But he does answer. And no matter which answer he has to give, God *does* care!

How, then, does God answer prayer? *Sometimes God says yes.* In fact, he is ready and wanting to say yes—only *we* don't let him.

Why Pray?

In one of our discussion groups, a man said, "The Bible contradicts itself. In one place, it says, 'Ask and it will be given you,' and in another, '... your Father knows what you need before you ask Him.' That last is how *I* figure. I guess I am a fatalist. What will be, will be, so—why pray?"

There was a scientist once who thought prayer was humbug—especially the kind of praying that involved making a pilgrimage, putting your hand on a stone, and repeating a ritual 13 times over before voicing the desire of your heart. Then that scientist fell ill. He came close to bankruptcy. Many of his experiments failed, and to top it off he was hounded night and day by a shrewish mother-in-law.

So one day, he made the pilgrimage—mostly to get away from home. He reached the shrine, and since it was a warm day, went inside. "If I were not an agnostic, I might experiment with this superstition," he said to himself, putting his hand on the cool stone. Convincing himself he was going through the motions out of idle curiosity, he started the ritual. Halfway through, he caught himself thinking. "Now, *if* this were *not* folly, what *would* I pray for? Health? Money? To get rid of my mother-in-law?" He continued the ritual 13 times, then suddenly he cried, "O God, I beg you. Enlighten my mind so I may invent something very great to further human knowledge!"

Amazed, the scientist stood in the silence. So this was his desire of desires. Knowing it at least, Galileo went forth and on the very next day began experiments which led to the invention of the telescope.

New Perspective

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire"—and few of us find our miracles, because we cannot discover what we *do* want most. And sometimes we

never start to find out until our whole world crashes and we are forced to look at life from a new angle, one which we perhaps see for the first time *only when God says "No!"*

If we are not to act like spoiled children when disappointments come, there are two things we question before we question God or his purposes. No matter how great our longing or how fervently we pray, *when God says no, the first thing we must question, if we are mature, is our desire.*

Sometimes God has to say no because we have prayed for a selfish desire. Like a child praying for a two-wheel bike, even though we know the family budget is low, we just haven't thought through to what it will mean to other family members if we get what we want.

Sometimes, though, when God says no, we need to question not only our desires, but ourselves. Many times, we should ask not what may be wrong with our prayers but what's wrong with us?

We should not be realistic, however, unless we face the fact that while our desires may be right, and we ourselves fully worthy of receiving that for which we pray, still God may say no. *Why?*

Sadly enough, very often only time alone can give us the reason. But if we can say along with the cry, which comes to all of us sooner or later: "Why, God, Why?" . . . the simple affirmation "There is some reason, and someday I shall find it," we can save ourselves untold heartbreak.

Little did I know why I could not have the pony that Christmas long ago. But my father knew. He knew all about the cancer inside him and

the tremendous adjustments my mother would be making during the next year . . . adjustments that certainly left no time or energy or money.

God Gives a Third Answer

Besides "No" or "Yes," there is, however, a third answer God very often gives when we pray. There are many ways of stating it, but I like to put it in the words that used to give me hope time and again when I asked my mother for some heart's desire. "We'll see," she'd say, "just be patient and do all *you* can about it, and then we'll see!"

So I think God answers us—many times.

Sometimes, what happens ultimately depends on what we do. Frederick Douglass once said that in the days of slavery, he used to pray night after night for freedom, but that nothing happened until his prayer got down into his own heels and he ran away.

But other times, what happens depends on how much we work *with* God—with any and with all of the powers through which he works. Thomas Edison said, "We don't know the millionth part of 1 percent about anything. We don't know what water is. We don't know what electricity is. We don't know what heat is. We have a lot of hypotheses about these things, but that is all. But we do not let our ignorance about these things deprive us of their use."

So with prayer. We really don't know the millionth part of 1 percent about it. But what we do know is enough not only to enable us to use it, but through it, to let God use us. For as John Masefield has said:

"God warms his hands at man's heart when he prays."

READER'S CHOICE

The author of this month's selection, a minister, also has written a book on prayer in which she suggests—not too seriously, we think—that if the Almighty ever needs an assistant "the most logical place to search for him would be in an editor's chair." While politely disagreeing with Dr. Johnstone, we as editors concede there are only three answers to prayers and writers: acceptance, rejection, or "do more work on it!" Our "yes," with thanks and \$25, to Mrs. Henry Ummel of Arnold, Kans., first to nominate this article from *Better Homes and Gardens*, December, 1954. Have you submitted yours?—EDITORS.

'I'll Love Him Into It...'

By IRIS TRACY COMFORT

*Hate, fear, prejudice, and blind selfishness fade away
before the most sublime and devastating weapon of all.*

A PLUMP, soft-spoken, Georgia-bred lady is the best fighter I know. Yet I have never heard her raise her voice in anger or speak harshly to anyone, and she never even seems to think of—let alone use—the verbal and legal and physical weapons most people find handy for fighting back.

But Mrs. Morrison does fight. And to my knowledge she has never lost a bout. With that record, her methods are worth looking into.

I remember the time she bought a lot that backed on that of a tough old terror who had scared 10 years of other lot owners out of building a house there and spoiling his view of a picturesque landscaped creek.

Through months of harassments, including injunctions, malicious gossip, malicious mischief, she fought him. How? Well, one time she gave him a beautiful hibiscus bush he had been eyeing. Another time, she asked about his sick wife and gave him a jar of delicious homemade chicken soup for her. She prayed for him every night, too, "because a man *that* mean, honey, needs prayer a lot more than most folks."

"Why don't you give up?" her friends asked. "You'll never make a good neighbor out of that terrible man!"

"Yes I will, too," she said firmly. "I'll love him into it!"

It took her almost a year to accomplish that feat, but she did it. That crusty old man now considers her one of the finest ladies he knows—and heaven help anyone who might dare to disagree.

No passive resister, she fights back vigorously against attack with the

best weapon that she knows: love.

Can you really fight with love? You bet you can—and it is a wonderful feeling.

I discovered that by accident.

For weeks I had, in unison with my neighbors, deplored the nuisance and damage caused by three preschool youngsters down the block. One day I walked out to find flowers I had planned to use as a dinner centerpiece beheaded and strewn about my yard.

As I stalked angrily down the street toward the children's house, I thought of Mrs. Morrison. Suddenly I was walking slower, my mind off the bitter speech I had intended to make.

How did you fight flower-destroying children with love? The moment I thought of it that way, no one had to tell me what to do.

With the mother's permission, I took the children to our beautifully landscaped municipal gardens. We spent the whole morning looking at a lovely variety of bushes and trees and flowers and sniffing their fragrance. That afternoon I gave the children several small zinnias for their own and showed them how to plant them.

The children hunkered down over their own green things, and their rapt faces and grubby hands told a gentle story of love already passed on to these and other growing things.

A school principal used love to combat a delinquency problem, that of two fifth-graders who habitually skipped school to "borrow" bicycles from the school rack. When punishment failed to stop the practice, he

looked with his heart to see why.

The children came from very poor families, he discovered. They had always yearned for bicycles of their own, but no stretch of family finances could have provided them.

So the principal called the city's police chief. "Can you sell me—cheap—two bicycles from your unclaimed stock?" He explained why he needed them.

With the insight of love, he presented them to the children—with certain conditions. The children would pay for the bicycles by working in the school lunchroom and running errands. Possession of the bicycles would be taken immediately, but while payments were being made the vehicles would be presented weekly for inspection to be sure they were being properly cared for, kept clean, oiled. The bicycles would be impounded for intervals proportionate to any school-skipping offense.

"It would have been no kindness to have given the bicycles without also giving responsibility," he explained. "Otherwise, the children might have interpreted them as a reward for misdemeanor. This way they have self-respect."

And so had he, the highest form of self-respect.

Love is one of the divine gifts that carries its own chain reaction. You cannot use it yourself without having it come back to you, go out again, multiply, and spread.

It is the only weapon in the world that can be turned back upon its user and make him the winner even when he has been outdone!



Romey Pitt Marshall is minister of Summerdale (Pa.) Methodist Church.



Kermit L. Long is pastor of Central Methodist Church, Phoenix, Arizona.



MIDMONTH POWWOW

Too Much **FORMALISM** in Our **CHURCH** **SERVICES?**

YES! *'We are stifling
our spontaneity'*

—Kermit L. Long

A CHURCH, hoping to increase summer attendance, installed air conditioning and outside the door put up a sign reading: "Come on in, it's cool inside." Attracted by the invitation, a passer-by went in, sat quietly through the long service, then went out and wrote under the sign, "Boy, you said it!"

A great many of our Methodist churches suffer from a lack of warmth today, and not because of air conditioning. Formalism and ritualism have laid their cold, sterile hands upon what Founder John Wesley called "the religion of the heart." People who once glorified God with their singing, their preaching, and their prayers now walk softly in his house, as if he were a crotchety old man constantly shushing his children.

In too many Methodist churches today, the choir sings to or at—certainly not with—the people. The minister delivers a lecture instead of a sermon, and the people respond mechanically—not joyously—to prayer. Numbing spectatoritis seems to have infected our churches.

This is not a plea for shallow emotionalism in worship, or a return to the amen corners or sawdust trails which

characterized many of our 19th-century churches. But neither can I accept a return to the even more distant past and what the purists call the Wesleyan tradition, which was sired by medievalism. We must regain the spontaneity, creativity, and fervor which carried Methodism across America on the wings of young ideas.

What is the purpose of worship? To glorify God, of course, but also to create in the worshiper an awareness of God's sovereignty, of his own sinfulness and dependence upon God, and of God's redeeming love as exemplified in Christ.

How can we best achieve these ends? Not, I think, by prayers which are more habit-forming than inspiring, or by strange hymns which the people cannot sing, or by clerical costuming that imitates other churches and, incidentally, further separates ministers and laymen. We can, like the Pharisees, do everything exactly right and still be totally ineffective. The forms of religion without its power are nothing.

Those who advocate a return to what they believe to be the Wesleyan tradition should ponder the fact that it was not in the stately Church of England but in a small, informal meeting on Aldersgate Street that Wesley's heart "was strangely warmed"; and that in England Methodism was a small band of societies until in America it became a flourishing church.

Actually, Methodism in America, where it has engendered its greatest power, was a revolt against formalism. It came creatively as a preaching movement, not a

liturgical order. When Francis Asbury, our first American bishop, introduced—against his own better judgment, I believe—the clerical collar and other stigmata of Anglican high-churchism, American Methodists emphatically turned thumbs down.

What is taking place in some of our Methodist churches today is called a “liturgical revival.” I fear a better name for it might be “religious status-seeking.” The following worldly factors seem to me to be generating the atmosphere of coolness which pervades our churches:

1. *The desire to keep up with the Joneses.* We are drifting toward tawdry imitation of high churches which supposedly possess more dignity and rank higher in social acceptance.

2. *The academic complex of our seminarians.* Pedants often try to act as clerical Emily Posts, flaunting a certain intellectual superiority and liturgical arrogance.

3. *The Hollywood influence.* Ritual and symbolism are photogenically appealing.

4. *Church architecture.* In our imitation of high churches, we are adopting divided chancels, candles, acolytes, and other symbols with no understanding of what they mean—or do not mean—to Protestantism. Dignity, beauty, and form have their places both in architecture and in the service of worship. Let us remember, however, that for the Protestant the pulpit and the proclamation of the Word is supremely important.

5. *Noncritical interest in art and art forms.* We have failed to examine music, ritual, and symbolism with an eye to their function, meaning, or significance.

In short, I believe our drift toward formalism is an unconscious attempt to win acceptance before the world—not, as it should be, in the eyes of God.

It seems to me that if worship is to be helpful, we can be bound neither by the past nor by hard and fast rules. Emerson wrote, “A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.” The traditionalists who would establish rigid norms and forms of worship do so in the face of evidence that formalism can be maintained only by an intensive educational process. Today in England, only 10 million of 53 million people have been confirmed in the state church, and only 3 million are registered in its parish rolls.

What is it that has captured the imagination of men today? Science. And science keeps from the past only that which has contributed to its progress. It casts aside that which stands in the way of continual refreshment.

We all know that tasks performed by rote involve neither the mind nor the spirit. Only when we are challenged, only when we are personally involved with all our mind and soul are we stimulated to greater effort and achievement. Applied to the worship service, this principle demands hymns which we can sing, prayers which fit the moment and the situation, sermons which remind us of our relationship to God, and a place for creative response.

Each service should take us back to the headwaters of our faith, but it cannot lead if we are not permitted to follow. I refuse to believe that Methodism’s early vigor has been so spent that it now must walk upon the crutch of ceremony.

Our great need today is increased personal involvement in—and commitment to—the living Christ through

worship. Bishop Asbury sensed the essence of the Wesleyan movement’s strength when he wrote of his first contact with it: “I soon found this was not the Church [of England]—but it was better. The people were so devout—men and women kneeling down—saying *Amen!* Now, behold! they were singing hymns—sweet sound! Why, strange to tell! the preacher had no prayerbook, and yet he prayed wonderfully! What was yet more extraordinary, the man took his text and had no sermon-book: thought I, this is wonderful, indeed! It is certainly a strange way, but the best way. He talked about confidence, assurance. . .”

This, I believe, is the tradition which enabled American Methodism to grow from a small band of 1,170 members in 1773 into the largest Protestant body in the country (1.2 million members) by 1850. It is the tradition which made 1 of every 17 Americans a Methodist by 1860 and enabled us to add nearly a million members each decade from 1870 through 1930.

What has happened to us today? For the first time, our percentage growth rate has fallen below that of the national population. We are told that 4 out of 10 Methodists attend church less than half the Sundays in a year, and we rank near the bottom among all denominations in per capita giving. The church which grew up with the country languishes in the city.

This is not the record of people being challenged and participating in the worship of God. It is the reaction of a people who have been cut off from and have lost touch with their faith. In a day when God is calling us to be relevant and effective in reaching people, we must take care that we do not deepen and extend this separation with more stuffy formalism. We need the holy fire of enthusiasm which comes in creative worship.

I hope and pray we will awake in time.

NO!

‘Makeshift forms lead to chaos’

—Romey Pitt Marshall

IF FORMALISM—or ritualism—implies an atmosphere of coolness, sterility, and passivity, I agree that there is too much of it in our Methodist churches. But if it means merely strict adherence to liturgical worship, I must disagree. For I believe there is too little *liturgy* in our churches today.

Many people have a distressing tendency to equate the rise of what they call formalism with the growth of the liturgical movement. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Liturgy, from the Greek word *leitourgia*, means literally “the work of the people.” Liturgical worship requires congregational participation in every phase of the service. It combines the warmhearted evangelism of the Wesleys with a heritage which traces back through the Church of England to the early Christian church.

If there is too much formalism in our churches, it is not because we have returned to the traditions of the

past, but because we have scrapped those traditions for a form of worship which is meaningless. And a barren form it is, providing for little Bible reading, only one prayer, some special music, and routine choir responses.

Many earnest Methodists have expressed concern about what they believe is a decline in spirituality. They yearn for the good old days when Methodism was young and had no church budgets, promotion drives, or "formal" services. They recall the great camp meetings and mighty backwoods revivals and wonder if we cannot recapture that spirit. Yet they hasten to add that they would be as lost in an amen corner as in a liturgical service.

IF neither the amen corner nor the liturgical service is acceptable, what is left to choose? Those who oppose the liturgical movement speak vaguely of freedom and spontaneity. Apparently they envision the worship service as a continual experiment—a Sunday workshop conducted by the minister.

To attempt a solution of the problem in this manner, however, invites confusion and failure. It is an exceptional minister who can, each week, select from all the accumulated orders of worship those elements which best will serve the purpose of worship. Freedom too often means freedom for the minister to talk when instead he might be reading the Bible or prayers developed and cherished over a period of 19 centuries.

Quite simply, our choice is not whether or not we will follow form, but whether or not we will follow a *good* form.

To determine what made Methodism a living force in the world, we must go back to its beginnings. But let us not stop too soon in our historical journey. Let us not stop—as some would do—at the brush-arbor meeting. By all means, let us go back to Founder John Wesley and, if necessary, to the early Christian church.

Methodism did not originate in this country, nor did it have its greatest impact upon the people here. It began as a revival within the Church of England, not as a revolt against it.

Wesley had no quarrel with the forms of worship in the Anglican Church. He followed them all his life and recommended the Anglican *Book of Common Prayer* to his followers. Infused with new life by his preaching and his teaching, the ancient forms became a living liturgy.

Wesley prepared for early American Methodism a form of worship condensed from the Order of Morning Prayer and called the Sunday Service. Because of the lack of church buildings and ordained clergymen on the frontier, this order soon fell into disuse. In its stead came the only form possible under the circumstances—a combination prayer meeting and evangelistic service conducted by laymen and local preachers.

If Methodism is cold and sterile today, it is not because we have abandoned the frontier, but because we have not made a proper transition. When we suddenly found the amen corners and mourners' benches empty, we did not return to the orderly, beautiful forms of worship which an ordained clergy, fine churches, and a literate congregation permit and demand. Instead, we rushed into the vacuum with our own home-grown,

makeshift liturgies. The result was chaos, out of which we have yet to achieve real order.

We will do well to proceed cautiously in comparing the vitality of Wesley's Methodism with that of the American frontier. In England, Methodism was born and took root in the presence of—actually within the body of—a strong, well-established church. In America, it flourished in a land where only 16 per cent of the population was affiliated with churches at the time of the first religious census in 1850.

Too, we should exercise care in determining when and where Methodism's fervor began to fade. Methodists have constituted almost exactly 6 per cent of the U.S. population at every census since 1860, while the proportion of religiously affiliated people in the population has risen from 23 to 63 per cent.

Somewhere—apparently long ago—Methodism lost touch with its past. I believe we will rediscover it only by going directly to the source, rather than by trying to reconstruct it on an individual and experimental basis. True worship, which confronts man with God in Christ, was neither strange nor alien to early Methodism. We may have lost it, but it is not something we never knew.

Liturgical worship is the true form of public worship. In it we greet our Father with reverence, make a corporate confession of our failures and sins, and ask for forgiveness. Comforted and strengthened, we hear the reading of God's Word (not once, but twice) and the minister's sermon. We bring our gifts to the altar.

The people join in the hymns and prayers and hear both extemporaneous and formal prayer by the minister in their behalf. The service follows faithfully a simple, logical form—yet because there are no unfamiliar forms to distract us, it cannot be called formal.

SINCE we are not intent upon following a strange program, we can cease worrying about *how* to worship God and start seeing *why* we do it. Relieved of the necessity of preparing his own orders of worship, the minister can devote more time to sermon preparation.

Liturgical worship may take place in a bare hall without a choir and without vestments. It all depends upon whether or not the people take part—and *how* they do.

Having said this, I must add that certain things assist in such worship. Among these are a church building, which reminds us of God, and certain symbols, such as a cross and candles. Rather than abandon these aids to worship, we should teach people what they mean.

We might also follow the custom of the Christian church through the ages and let our ministers change their business suits for simple clerical garb which identifies them as God's representatives (and possibly discourages the temptation to wear red neckties).

Finally, we can conduct ourselves more reverently in God's house, suppressing the tendency to view Sunday worship as something akin to a fraternity open house.

Neither elaborate ceremony nor extroverted enthusiasm will make our church effective. We must discover the lost radiance of the Christian faith and nurture the warm heart of Methodism in an atmosphere of prayer and meaningful worship.

This is what the liturgical movement seeks to do.

ADVICE TO A NEW PREACHER

By SARAH DOW HEARD

"YOU ARE ENGAGED in the most important work in the universe. Be diligent. Never be unemployed a moment. Never be triflingly employed. Be serious. Avoid all lightness, jesting, and foolish talking.

"Converse sparingly and cautiously with women, especially young women. Take no step toward marriage without consulting your brethren."

So armed with 100 pages of personal advice in a plain, leather-bound book titled *The Preacher's Manual*, my husband's grandfather rode the circuits of western Pennsylvania 125 years ago. And, no doubt, the book with advice by Adam Clarke, LL.D., FAS, an English classical scholar, found its way into many another Methodist preacher's saddlebags.

"Believe evil of no one when you hear it and repeat no evil to others, but tell every one directly what you think wrong in him, and that plainly, as soon as may be, else it will fester in your heart," cautions Dr. Clarke in his *Letter to a Methodist Preacher on His Entrance Into the Work of the Ministry*.

"Do not affect the gentleman. You have no more to do with this character than that of a dancing master. Now Mr. Wesley does not say, 'Do not act like a gentleman'; this he did himself. But he says, 'Do not affect the gentleman'; do not pretend to be what you are not. . . . Be ashamed of nothing but sin, and keep our rules not for wrath but for conscience' sake."

Since the circuit rider slept in a different home nearly every night: "Show yourself satisfied with everything you receive. Be not nice in your food. Give the family as little

trouble as possible, even the servants.

"Never pull off your boots, shoes, or gaiters in a parlor. Leave your hat, whip, greatcoat, et cetera, in the hall or lobby.

"Do not leave your foul linen about in the room where you lodge. Empty the basin in which you have washed your hands, etc., and leave it always clean. Don't splash the walls nor the floor, and fold your towel, when dry, and place it on the head of the water bottle. Never comb your hair in the sitting room or before company, this is an unpardonable vulgarity; nor brush your clothes in a bedroom, this spoils the furniture.

"Shun tea-drinking visits; these murder time and can answer no good either to your body or soul."

Some of Dr. Clarke's strongest convictions concerned the preservation of health: "From the nature of your work, you must be exposed to all kinds of weather, damp houses, bad beds, innutritious food, and a terrible catalogue of et cetera. The bad effects of these you may suspend for a time, but you cannot ultimately prevent them from hurrying you into eternity.

"If you regard your health, never suffer your bed to be warmed, but never sleep in a damp bed; this is certain death, especially to a delicate constitution. If you perceive the sheets to be damp, take them off and lie with your stockings and waistcoat on between the blankets.

"Do not keep the same shirt on during the day in which you have slept the preceding night. . . . Never dry your wet clothes by the fire while you are wearing them. The heat, causing the wet to retire before it, will strike into the skin, produce

immediate obstructions, and prove the parent of many miseries.

"Some persons when spent with fatigue in hot weather have rashly taken a draught of cold water. . . . Tepid water is precisely the best thing you can take. . . . Never eat to repletion. . . . Never eat your food too warm, nor drink any kind of hot slops in the morning; these exceedingly relax and weaken the fibres of the stomach, and prevent it from performing its proper functions."

Our worn, leather-bound copy of *The Preacher's Manual* was published in New York in 1821 by N. Bangs and T. Mason for the former Methodist Episcopal Church and without doubt greatly influenced the growth of Methodism in America. But the advice to new preachers provides a delightful picture of the mental attitudes, the consciences, and convictions of our early religious leaders. Times have not changed so much that we cannot visualize a young preacher, perhaps very much in love, poring over Dr. Clarke's thoughts on romance and marriage:

"Let the person be nearly of your own age," he wrote. "Your wife should ever be your equal, and not of an age which might demand the respect of a mother, nor so young as to require the correction of a child. . . . I say nothing concerning beauty: a man who is himself of homely appearance should not be nice in the choice of a wife.

"Beware of a woman who meddles in politics, or with the government of the church of God. Such an one cannot fail to embroil you with the people wherever you go, and will be a source of misery to you as long as you breathe."

Unusual



SELF-TAUGHT HISTORIAN. In Tucson, Ariz., George B. Eckhart will retire next year after 22 years as a clerk for the Southern Pacific Railroad. Then he'll spend full time at what has been his part-time hobby—the history of centuries-old Spanish missions which dot the U.S. Southwest and northern Mexico. More than 110 missions and outposts, some still active, many in ruins, were built as early as 1614 by Jesuit and Franciscan missionaries. Traveling “impassable” roads in his Jeep, often camping out overnight, Mr. Eckhart has studied, measured, and photographed more than two thirds of the missions, and his files of historical and architectural data on the aged buildings are believed the most complete anywhere. Although not trained in this field, Mr. Eckhart is widely respected by professionals.

A strange interest for a faithful member of Tucson's Catalina Methodist Church? Not so, says Mr. Eckhart. “The story of missions is irrevocably intertwined with the frontier history of our section of the nation. No other era is so fascinating,” he explains. And a love for beautiful church architecture, he believes, draws together people of diverse faiths and different nationalities.

MISSION SLEUTH: “Unbelievable” is how Mr. Eckhart describes the craftsmanship of unskilled Indians who used crude tools to build missions like this one of 1691.

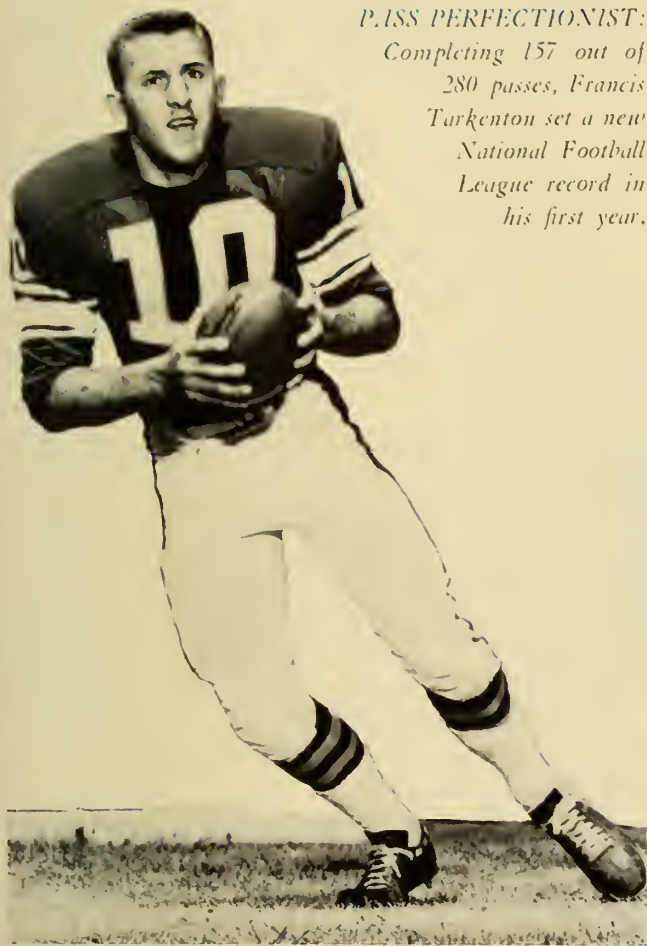
FLYCATCHER. Now winding up his third season in an unusual occupation, Winston P. (Bud) Brown of Pewaukee, Wis., has yet to find a challenger for his claim to the title: “world's champion flycatcher.” In three summers of work for his hometown's fly-control program, 16-year-old Bud has caught and destroyed at least 15 million (more than 2 tons) of the annoying, disease-spreading insects. The 80-odd traps which he tends, invented by a fellow Pewaukee, are credited with keeping the town of 2,484 residents virtually fly-free each summer. Bud's job: regularly emptying and baiting each trap—and eliminating hungry spiders which sometimes set up housekeeping in trap openings.

A junior at Pewaukee High School this fall, Bud has many nonflycatching activities: band, student council, forensics—and maintenance of a high scholastic average. Year-round at Gethsemane Methodist Church, he is an active MYFer, chorister, and church-school participant.

WORLD CHAMPION: Holding a “Big Stinky” trap, Bud Brown prepares to set off on his 10-mile, daily trip to tend fly traps along Pewaukee streets and alleys.



Methodists



PASS PERFECTIONIST:
Completing 157 out of
280 passes, Francis
Tarkenton set a new
National Football
League record in
his first year.

QUIET QUARTERBACK. When Francis Asbury Tarkenton made a spectacular professional football debut last fall as quarterback for the Minnesota Vikings, delighted Minnesota fans asked, "Who is this Tarkenton kid?" In Georgia no one asked; they knew. Since 1951, when the 11-year-old "Tarkenton kid" began playing at the Athens YMCA, his fame has spread statewide. He led the Athens High team to the state championship in his junior year; and at the University of Georgia (also in Athens), his gridiron accomplishments included quarterbacking the 1959 Bulldogs to a 14-0 Orange Bowl victory over the University of Missouri. Voted Southeastern Conference's Most Valuable Player in 1960, he also won a spot on the All-American Academic team for his fine performance in the classroom.

Members of First Church in Athens, Francis and his wife, Elaine, presently live in Minneapolis where, besides playing football, Francis is in public relations and sales for a trucking firm. Quiet and reserved off the gridiron, the rugged namesake of America's first Methodist bishop is the son of a Methodist minister—Dr. Dallas Tarkenton, registrar and an assistant professor at the Oxford Division of Methodist-related Emory University.

MEDICAL SUPERVISOR. Traditions are strong in Chinese families—even those who have never lived in China. Early in the 1900s, when young Soo Kim Lan attended the Methodist Girls School in her hometown of Taiping, Malaya, Christian teachers influenced her deeply. But as the daughter of conservative Chinese parents, she could not accept the Christian faith. Completing her studies with an excellent record, she became the first girl from Malaya admitted to King Edward VII College of Medicine in Singapore. There she sought a Methodist church and was baptized a Christian.

Returning in 1927 to Kuala Lumpur, now capital of the Malayan Federation, Dr. Soo entered medical practice with her brother. In 1933, she was made honorary medical officer of the city's Chinese Maternity Hospital. Under her guidance, the hospital program has grown until now some 6,000 births are registered yearly. In almost 40 years of obstetrical practice, Dr. Soo has delivered hundreds of babies. When her second cousin, Crystal, was born, she became a proxy mother herself, adopting the girl and providing for her schooling—most recently at McGill University, Montreal, Canada.



ORCHID FANCIER: After work at the hospital, Dr. Soo relaxes at her hobby—raising orchids. Friends at Kuala Lumpur's Wesley Methodist Church often share choice flowers from her collection.

*Can't say 'No.' to a social drink?
Think you can take alcohol or leave it?
This true story's for you.*

From One Drunk To Another

By JOEL ANTHONY

MAYBE you're one of those so-called social drinkers who can "take a drink or leave it alone." Well, I was just like you—once. Then I found I couldn't leave it alone. I was an alcoholic. In fact, I'm still an alcoholic—a converted alcoholic.

Looking back, I can see that all my troubles came as a result of my inability to say, "No." I'd had a good education. I landed in one good job after another, and I had help—a loving wife and a beautiful daughter. But nothing was enough for me.

My career had been chiefly in radio advertising. In 25 years I'd been on the staff of many leading stations, often in positions of authority. "Everyone" in radio drank, but most of my associates—unlike me—were able to handle their liquor. Often a "harmless drink" before dinner would set me off on a tear for weeks. I'd end my spree side by side with the down-and-outers on the skid row of whatever town I happened to be working in at the time.

What is it that causes a man to drink? Let's say it's a kind of escape from responsibilities. Or maybe it's a pursuit of something we fancy we need to make life complete. I don't know for sure, even though I probably have done as much running in my life as anyone else.

When I was married, I thought my drinking bouts were over. With a beautiful wife, what man could possibly want more than an occasional cocktail? But I soon learned that even the promise of a wonderful marriage was not enough. After a few short months I went off on a binge that lasted four days.

Home again, I was remorseful as only an alcoholic can be. But now there was a difference in our attitudes. A sort of guarded watchfulness on the part of my wife; for me, a special wariness as I tried to prevent a recurrence.

However, it happened again—many times. After a while it became almost as regular as my bringing home a pay check. Yet my wife continued to tolerate me, hoping that one day I would become the man she thought she had married.

Things went from bad to worse. One radio station followed another. For three months, a year, as long as 2½ years at a stretch, I would work diligently. And my efforts were rewarded in promotions, higher income, and increased happiness for my family. Then, with no provocation, I'd be off on another rampage. Away would go our home, furniture, car—and the respect of my employers and my family.

Even then, my family stood by, offering the love which I regarded so lightly. For months we would struggle, my wife making sacrifices, my daughter being deprived of those things which make life wonderful for a growing girl. Meantime I would be making a desperate attempt to regain my former status, often in a strange city to which we had had to move.

Finally, after one disastrous tear, I found work in a new field. It seemed to offer great possibilities and fewer temptations. I began to make money and earn respect. My employer, even though he knew my record, invested more responsibility

in me almost daily. I even joined a church, although I can see now that it was purely lip service. My wife was happier than I had seen her in a long time. My daughter, now married, seemed again to be proud, instead of ashamed, of her dad. And I, a church worker enjoying material success, was contented. Didn't I have the drink problem whipped?

Then, boom! No rhyme, no reason. And when this one was over, I was in deeper trouble than ever.

I was in jail, awaiting trial for grand larceny. The money for my latest tear had been "borrowed" from my employer, and he didn't like it.

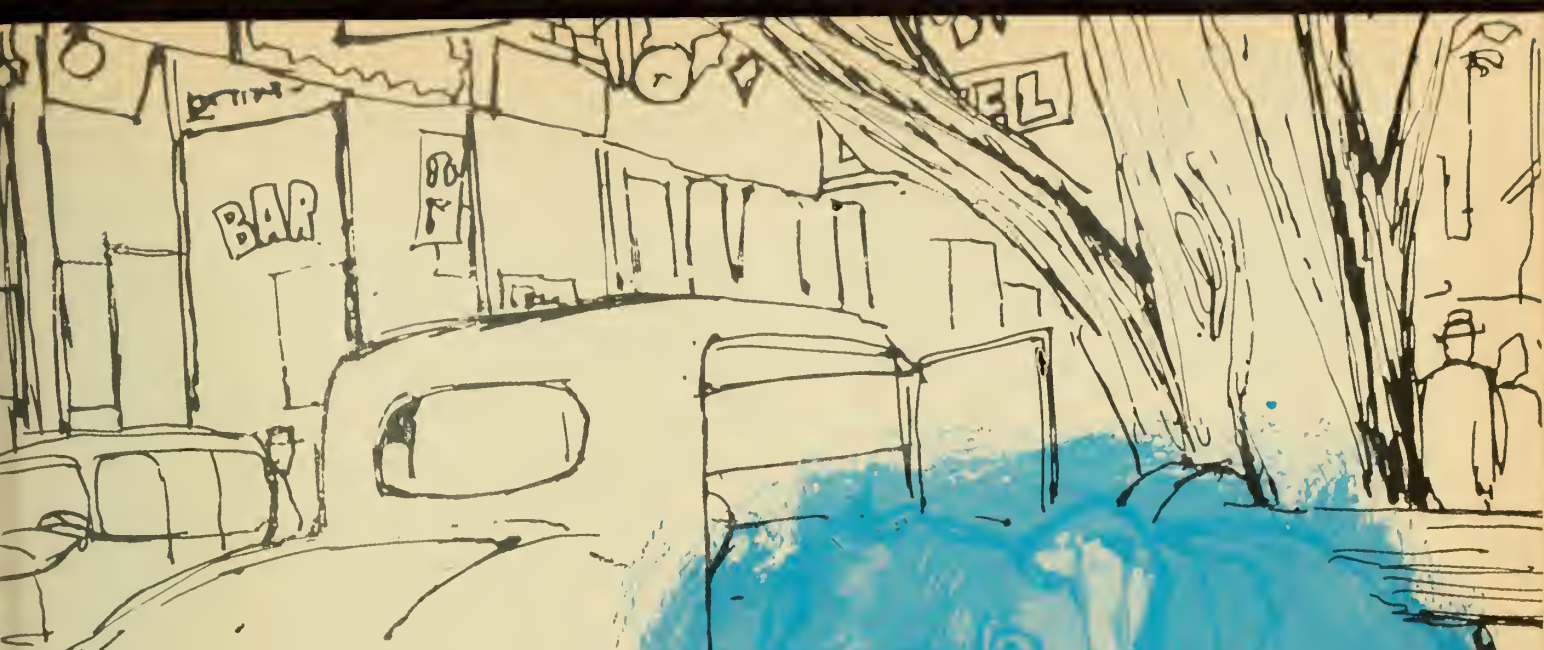
I had reached the end of my rope. My wife sent word she intended to divorce me. I was alone, except for two good friends. The first was an announcer who came regularly with his wife. The other was my pastor, who used every opportunity to bring me the comfort that can come only from the things of God.

Finally my wife came, too, and stood by me through months of waiting. She worked feverishly, trying to help me avoid a prison sentence. She was sure I would be given probation. Then, with the shadow of prison so dark about us, I would really straighten up.

Then came the day of my trial—and the sentence: one to three years in the penitentiary.

I was permitted a few days to arrange my affairs. My wife managed to sell our car, dispose of some of our things, and get a job. Then I became a number instead of a name.

Early on the morning of De-



cember 21, I was taken to the penitentiary. I never felt as alone and lost as I did when the gates clanged shut behind me. There is no feeling to match this for sheer despair, unless it is the one that comes over you at lights-out time the first night you spend in a penitentiary cell.

As a "fresh fish," I was taken to the diagnostic depot, a regular procedure. However, because of the holidays I spent Christmas in DD, my stay being somewhat longer than is customary. And here the bottom fell out: Christmas, and I was in prison—all because I thought a social drink was harmless.

I read, studied, and wrote. On Sunday mornings the chaplain had a beautiful service with a fine speaker from a nearby city. There was singing by the inmate congregation and our prison choir. Reading the Bible carefully, I came to love the poetic language of the Old Testament and the stories of Jesus. I grew to regard Christ as my friend. For the first time, I looked upon Christianity as something more than membership in a service club.

Eventually, at the end of my first year, I was granted a parole. Through friends I found a job 300 miles from my last one. Again life was rosy. My wife was at my side and we were like two people on their honeymoon. For nearly two years I was on top. We had what we wanted, did as we wished. Life

"I'd end my spree side by side with the down-and-outers on the skid row of whatever town I happened to be working in at the time."





Lincoln and Liquor

ABRAHAM LINCOLN probably gained more renown for his Emancipation Proclamation than all his other acts. But even as he struggled to bring about the freedom of slaves, Lincoln foresaw another great problem in the conflict between whisky and the people.

With the exception of those on slavery, Lincoln made only a handful of speeches outlining the backbone of his political-social creed. One, in Springfield, Ill., set forth his philosophy on alcohol.

After praising the 1776 revolution, Lincoln turned his thoughts toward the "temperance revolution." Of it, he said, "We shall find a stronger bondage broken, a viler slavery unumitted, a greater tyrant deposed; in it more of want supplied, more disease healed, more sorrow assuaged. And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on earth—how proud the title (land of the free) of that land."

With the abolishment of slavery, Lincoln—who had promised his mother never to drink—believed abolition of the liquor traffic was one of the next great problems. On the day he was assassinated, he reminded his old friend, Maj. J. B. Merwin, that he had predicted less than 25 years before the time would come when there would be neither a slave nor a drunkard in the land.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Lincoln. "Thank God I have lived to see one of these prophecies fulfilled. I hope someday to see the other realized."

He didn't, of course. His life was cut short by a bullet fired by John Wilkes Booth—a man who, incidentally, drank heavily. But of his views on liquor, Lincoln left us in no doubt. He was "a dry."

—LUTHER T. SMITH

seemed complete, happy, and secure.

Then came the crash. With no more reason than a minor upset at home, I went to my office on Saturday morning, read through my mail, and left—for the nearest bar. There I sat, from late morning of one day to early morning of the next, selling myself the idea that I had these drinks coming to me.

Saturday stretched into Sunday. I awoke in my car in a downtown parking lot. I drove to skid row and found a coffee and doughnut shop where the proprietor was not above selling a little shot. At the legal opening time for saloons, I proceeded to go on. At closing time, fortified with a bottle, I sought refuge in my car. Again I was awakened in the early morning by the sun.

Back to the bar. Another day passed. That day stretched into another. Two weeks, during which my family had no word of my whereabouts, slipped rapidly away.

When my absence began to appear permanent, my wife packed her things and moved into our daughter's home. This sent me into an alcoholic fury. How dare she do this after the way I'd been working the last two years? OK, I told myself, I don't need her.

I pawned my watch, my ring, even some of my clothes. I begged from friends. Anything to keep the liquor flowing. But finally the time came when remorse set in. I realized that I was out of a job, broke, homeless, friendless, and ill.

With the few dollars I could scrape together, I bought gasoline and constantly, day and night, I drove. On impulse I'd drive 300 miles, only to turn around and drive back, lacking the courage to face those whom I'd come so far to see. Nights I'd pull off the road and try to sleep. But sleep was out of the question. I had reached the end of the line. I had come to that point where I kept telling myself to floor the accelerator and aim the car at a concrete pillar. One night I even turned off the lights, ran up the windows, sat in the car with the motor running. But nothing happened. Not even death wanted me.

Then the miracle happened.

One evening I knocked at the door of a small Methodist parsonage where my friend of prison days

pastored his flock. Like a Good Samaritan he took me in. The family made me welcome, though I must have looked a sight and reeked of tavern odors.

I knew I was ill, but just how sick I didn't realize until much later. But these good friends nursed me to health and, of far greater importance, brought to life for me the wonderful conviction that only through Christ could my troubles be lightened. They showed me the peace that comes when one takes Christ into his heart and gives his life over to His care.

I had known that I was powerless against alcohol, that I needed the help of a greater Power to survive. But, like all who regard religion simply as another means of escape, I had failed Christ just as I had failed my family and others.

Now, through the patient guidance of these friends, I was coming to see that only through complete surrender to God's will could I ever find the peace I sought. Day by day I prayed that he would show me the way. I read all I could about him and his work. I began, little by little, to work in his name, forgetting myself and my own little problems. Today, through him and in him I have found the answer.

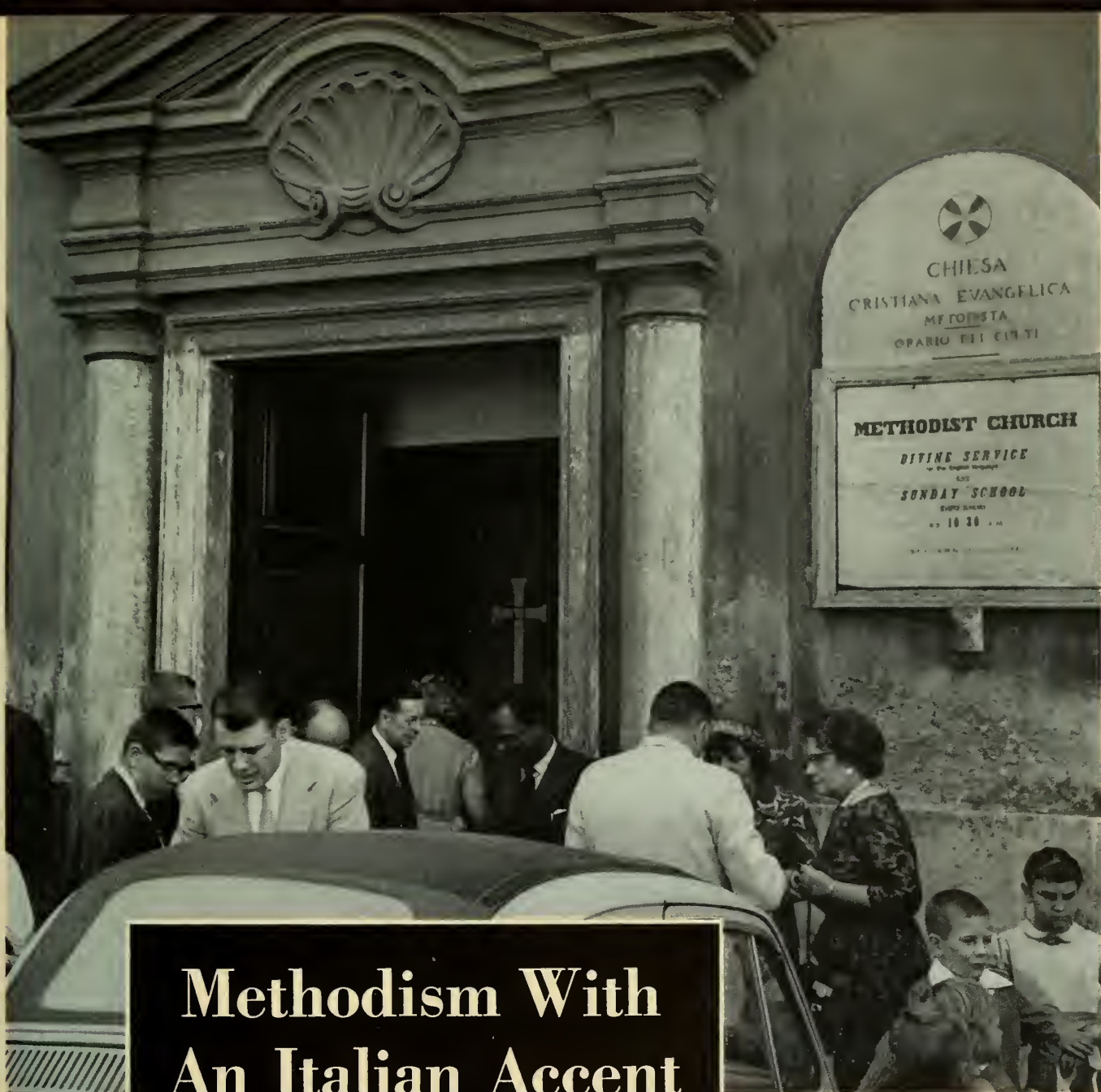
My struggle is not over. Nor will it be until the day when I shall see, with no doubt at all, the way he wants me to go.

My family? Yes, thank God, we are again one. My prayers have been answered, and I have been reunited with my wife and daughter. God has shown me the way and, with his help and the loving care of the two people most precious to me, I shall continue in that way.

So if you're a social drinker, watch your step. No one, not even doctors, knows what it is that sets an alcoholic apart from those who can "take one and walk away." But it is a known fact that sooner or later the body chemistry of some social drinkers goes haywire and they can no longer stop.

Before this happens, remember that if you want to spend your days at home, surrounded by a loving family, and showered with His blessing, liquor can spoil it all. And without these things, life is not life at all . . . it is just plain hell.

I know. I've been there.



Methodism With An Italian Accent

***At last, the dark clouds of
intolerance are rolling away.***

*Protestants from many
countries join Methodists in
worship at the author's
English-speaking church in
Rome [see pages 2-3].*

By REGINALD KISSACK, Pastor, Sant' Angelo Methodist Church, Rome

NO ONE IN San Sebastiano, a peaceful little village on the flank of Mount Aurunzo in mid Italy, seems to remember the name of the German officer. But Methodists who worship there have not forgotten what this stranger in a Nazi uniform did for them. For with his arrival, their little church became a bright symbol in Methodism's long struggle for freedom of worship in Italy.

To set the stage for what happened in San Sebastiano, we must go back

to 1929. That was the year Mussolini signed his famous concordat with the Vatican, and Roman Catholicism became the official state religion. Nearly a century before, Italian patriots, including Garibaldi, the master of revolutionary war, had unified the country, thus breaking the temporal power of the pope. When Italian troops marched into Rome in 1870, the pope had withdrawn as a self-styled "prisoner of the Vatican." The hiatus existed till 1929, when the

Vatican recognized the then-Fascist regime and, in turn, became the state church.

Under the agreement between the pope and Mussolini, no new place of non-Catholic worship could be opened without government permission—which became increasingly difficult to get.

The Methodist community at San Sebastiano, founded largely through the efforts of a native son who had been converted in America and had

returned to the village, had a new church. But efforts to open it for worship were fruitless.

"Protestantism at Villa San Sebastiano does not show sufficient signs of being permanent," declared the minister of the interior. While Methodists could not worship in their new sanctuary, the government would not mind, it was understood, if they occupied the basement—provided there was no sign proclaiming the building to be a church.

The fascist clampdown on Protestant activities only climaxed the abuse Methodists in San Sebastiano already faced. Ministers were subjected to humiliation and scurrility. Doors were slammed in their faces by fellow villagers; they were spit upon, sneered at, stoned, and cursed. One preacher broke under the pressure, and recanted his Protestantism. Another went into confinement, and his colleagues traveled far to reach San Sebastiano to maintain some form of Methodism in the town.

Such was the situation when World War II broke out. Pastor Carrari greeted 1944 with an empty basement church. His young men had fled to the mountains. The older folk dug into cellars or walled up alcoves to hide their few pathetic treasures. The village was gripped by famine, frustration, and fear.

Then came German troops to occupy the village, which was on a feeder road to the Nazi stronghold at Cassino. A German officer sought out the village priest and asked where he might find a place to billet his troops. He was told about the new, unused church building. The officer clicked his heels and left. But before issuing take-over orders, he talked to local Methodists and got the whole story.

"Ach!" he said. "I am a Protestant myself. Now I command here. Open the church. Use it. My men will have the basement."

So it was that a German officer opened a door the Fascists had kept shut. San Sebastiano Methodists remember that he was always present at services, and encouraged his men to attend. But when he went on leave back to Germany, he found his home and family destroyed in the Allied air raids. Despondent, he asked to be transferred into combat. Later,



A tractor turns the soil on a farm co-operative at the San Sebastiano Church, bright symbol of a turning point in Italian Methodism's turbulent history.

word filtered back to Pastor Carrari that the officer had been killed in action. Italian Methodists remember him kindly, for the episode at San Sebastiano set the needed precedent for a change in Italian church-state policies.

This October, almost 20 years later, sturdy Italian Methodism becomes an autonomous church. It was in 1861, the year the American Civil War erupted, that two English Methodist missionaries, Richard Green and Henry Piggott, entered the Italian field. Garibaldi and other Italian patriots, including King Victor Emmanuel II, were still fighting to liberate the country from foreign and papal domination.

For several years after 1870, when Victor Emmanuel finally was able to enter Rome (Garibaldi was away helping the French against Germany in the Franco-Prussian War), Italian Protestantism was dominated by militant Alessandro Gavazzi, a former priest, who left Catholicism to found the Free Church of Italy. It later merged with Methodism and Gavazzi Chapel—across Tiber's Bridge of the Angels from the famous Castel Ponte Sant' Angelo—where I serve as pastor, keeps a friendly and open door for English-speaking Methodist tourists visiting the Eternal City [see pages 2-3].

The new autonomous Methodist Church of Italy has absorbed the work of American Methodism first launched in 1873 by M. Leroy Vernon of the former Methodist Episcopal Church. During the 25 years

before World War I, Methodism's progress here was remarkable. Better supported financially than England's Wesleyan Methodism, the Americans inaugurated social services, orphanages, dispensaries, and emigrant-advice bureaus. Their mission's secondary schools in Rome were among the finest in the land. Members of the Garibaldi family were on the church roll; indeed, a granddaughter of Garibaldi was one of the school principals in Rome. Appropriately enough, a Methodist church was opened on the 25th anniversary of the taking of the Eternal City by the king's troops.*

No Protestant church in Italy was so well-founded as the American branch of Methodism—until Mussolini signed the concordat with the Vatican. That struck down religious freedom that had been won in Garibaldi's time. Membership dropped from 3,500 to 1,500 in the American-sponsored churches. Of Methodism's once-promising institutions, only the Casa Materna orphanage remained [see *Casa Materna: Home for Naples 'Bambinos'*, August, 1958, page 63]. Many American Methodists will remember the Casa Materna choir that climaxed a U.S. tour in 1956 with appearance at the General Conference in Minneapolis. Forced sales stripped American Methodism of such properties as its Monte Mario School at

*A more detailed account of the church's history in Italy, and the personalities that made it significant, is included in the author's book, *Methodists in Italy*, published in Great Britain by the Corgate Press, 25 Marylebone Road, London, NW1.—EDITORS.]

Rome, worth several million today.

It was a proposed visit with Methodists by an American former president, Theodore Roosevelt, that stirred up a celebrated international incident during his 1910 tour of Europe. Shortly before Roosevelt requested a meeting with Pope Pius X, the latter had canceled an audience with former U.S. Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks because he had accepted an invitation to speak to Rome's Methodists. The pope agreed to see Roosevelt, a Dutch Reform Church member but a great admirer of the Methodists, "providing nothing arose to prevent it"—an obvious reference to the Fairbanks incident. The former president, in turn, replied that "I . . . must decline to make any stipulation or submit to any conditions which would in any way limit my freedom of conduct." So heated did the controversy between Italian Methodists and Roman Catholics become that Roosevelt finally called off both engagements.

The British-sponsored Methodist churches, meanwhile, hung on. Originally separate, they united with the Americans in 1946, and Methodism in Italy has remained under British tutelage since then.

It is evident, even now, that since the breakthrough at San Sebastiano the course of religious freedom has not been one of complete success. The nation's 1948 constitution guaranteed liberty of worship to all Italians, but the influence of the Vatican-Mussolini agreement of 1929 lingered. Today most restrictive statutes against Protestantism have been struck out, but they have not been replaced with others that clearly define the rights of non-Catholics. Some recent steps in the right direction have been made, however. For example, Protestant ministers since last year can get from the state equal pension rights with Catholic priests.

METHODISM, as always, continues to fare better in the cities. Some bitterness remains in the villages where services are often disturbed and strong pressures are brought against Protestant marriages and funerals. Protestant children in the schools also feel this pressure, as do young men trying to find jobs.

Italian Methodists hope such relics of the dark days will not be overlooked at the widely heralded ecumenical conference called by Pope John this month. Only where there is freedom of worship, they believe, can there be fruitful talk of ecumenicity in good faith. It would seem paradoxical that Italy, allegedly 99 percent Catholic, is the most communist of Western nations; and Rome, world center of Roman Catholicism is the reddest of western capitals. Critics suggest that a people who can accept ecclesiastical authoritarianism find it easy to accept a philosophy of the monolithic state.

Today, on the eve of its full autonomy, Italian Methodism is small but evangelical. Its total population is only about 7,000, served by 18 preachers and 7 evangelists, with 5 students in training for the ministry. But Methodism is comparatively well-endowed with properties, especially those passed on by the American church, and the per capita rate of giving is about \$18 a year.

Italian Methodism's youth fellowship meets each summer with young Christians from all over the world in a self-constructed campsite at Velletri, south of Rome. The camp is an old farm purchased in 1954, after a previous site was abandoned because of Catholic hostility. Here Protestant youths from 12 countries and 14 denominations gathered that year to begin erecting buildings and widening roads.

Tourists are welcome there—and at Methodist churches throughout the country. But often they are small—and do not look like Methodist churches back home. You will find them in shop buildings or apartment buildings, for the Italian Methodist Church draws income from rentals almost as much as from the collection plate. On Sundays, you may find a diverse gathering of folk in the congregations—university professors and laborers, teachers, clerks, students, and black-shawled peasant women.

The Italian minister is not exactly like his American or British counterpart either. His average stipend is hardly \$1,000 a year, although the cost of living in Italy is comparatively high. Until recently, he hardly could afford to retire. His activities are almost completely concerned

with the church's life and witness. Usually, people call on him, and Methodism is so scattered that the circuit system functions ineffectively.

Methodism is not the largest body of Protestantism in Italy. Larger—and older—are the Waldensians, with whom the Methodists work in close relationship. The Waldensians, named for Peter Waldo, a 12th-century merchant at Lyons, France, are actually the oldest Protestant group in the world. Despite persecution, they survived in isolated groups, especially in the mountains of northern Italy. Other Protestant groups in Italy include Baptists, Presbyterians, American Episcopalians, Anglicans, and members of the Assembly of God.

ITALIAN Methodism is not without its heroes. The name of the Rev. Riccardo Santi, Casa Materna's founder, looms large, as does Emanuele Sbaffi, whose influence was as significant in the first half of the 20th century as was that of Piggott in the 19th; and Antonio Della Fontana who, converted, hawked copies of the Scriptures despite stonings and constant clashes with Catholic clergy. And we must not forget Jacobo Lombardini, a local preacher, who was chaplain with underground forces against the Nazis. Captured by the Germans, subjected to inhuman treatment at the infamous Mauthausen concentration camp, he preached the Gospel and ministered to his starving, dying companions until he, too, a barely living skeleton, went to the gas chambers.

To give the story of Italian Methodism a happy ending, we go back to Villa San Sebastiano where a congregation of 150 no longer must confine worship to a basement. The historic basement is reconstructed. There are lavatories, a kitchen, a stage for concerts. In the evening, there is television; by day, a kindergarten where children learn cooperative play or gospel songs while their mothers are in the fields.

And outside the church, men and women of the village work the church-sponsored Agricultural Cooperative, whose profits help finance the kindergarten in the basement where a German officer once chose to billet his troops.

Italian Methodists are looking up!

It Started Out as

'A Prayer for the City'



Frank Mason North: At the crossroads of life,
crowded with people, Christ is ever present.

FIFTY-NINE years have passed since Dr. Frank Mason North, a Methodist minister, wrote the lines reproduced in his own precision handwriting at right. They appeared in type two years later, in *The Methodist Hymnal* of 1905. But it remained for TOGETHER's family of photographers in the 1960s to lend dimension and a new kind of immortality to No. 465 in the hymnal.

Musing at his office window in the Methodist Headquarters building in New York City, Dr. North could not have dreamed of the color processes and techniques that made the following pages possible. But he saw eternal truths behind the teeming multitudes and horse-drawn vehicles in the busy street below. That was all he needed—as a gifted poet, preacher, and editor of *The Christian City* where *A Prayer for the City* was first printed—to write the hymn assigned him by a commission in charge of preparing a new Methodist hymnal.

Many of Dr. North's thoughts must have crossed the minds of you reader-photographers last year when you were invited to portray the imagery of this powerful hymn in color. You responded with 1,400 submissions, and some of the best are on the following pages.

We regret, as always, that limited space does not permit reproduction of many others that were truly inspiring. But we think you'll agree that these we reproduce here can hardly be surpassed for putting into graphic form the powerful ideas expressed in Dr. North's great hymn.

A Prayer for the City

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
Lo! hear Thy voice, O Son of Man!

In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace,
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

O Master, from the mountain side
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain
Among these restless throngs abide.

O tread the City's streets again,
Till sons of men shall learn Thy love
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from Thy heaven above
Shall come the City of our God.

In "*The Christian City*"
June, 1903
Frank Mason North

*Mother Earth's less
fortunate children cry
out for food and loving
understanding with
voices too often unheard
in the tumult of our times.*

*Miss Minna L. Herzig
of Point Pleasant Beach, N.J.,
found this moving picture
of hungry children in
the Holy Land.*



Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

*All things, both good and evil, come together in gigantic concentration where the
sons of man gather in teeming multitudes to create great cities. New York, which inspired North's
hymn, is only one of these. Manhattan's fantastic skyline at twilight was caught by
H. Stanley Johnson, Pleasantville, N.Y., from across the Hudson in New Jersey.*





*In haunts
of wretchedness
and need,
On shadowed
thresholds
dark with fears*

*Some men walk with faith and dignity,
even where slums shriek out their tale of
greed and poverty. Here, too—cut off
from life's mainstream—is the human flotsam
and jetsam of the city. A Brooklyn beach
area provided the scene at left for
Miss Min Sapir, New York City; the photo of
homeless men on skid row in Paris, France,
is by Lt. Col. Jack C. Novak, USAF.*





In Hong Kong, where millions have crowded to escape the inhuman clutch of a godless creed, this babe's chance of survival may well depend on his older sister. The photograph is by Miss Lorraine Dury, Green Bay, Wis.

From tender childhood's helplessness

From... man's burdened toil

Where humanity is ground into the mire by ignorance, superstition, and pestilence—where calamities, both man-made and natural, bring backbreaking toil to naught—then, indeed, hearts cry out from “famished souls” and “sorrow’s stress.” This picture of a Korean farmer caught the sympathetic eye of Dean Loshbaugh, Tulsa, Okla.





In this favored land, where a Christian heritage has brought so many freedoms too often taken for granted, an American farmer harvests a field of golden grain. This colorful scene was captured by Mrs. Doris Barker, Rochester, N.Y.

Thy heart has never known recoil



The stark simplicity of a funeral cortege moving slowly across the Dutch countryside serves to emphasize the burden of grief that comes to family and friends when a loved one is lost. Mrs. Wilma Berry of Sweetwater, Texas—who tells us she is 62 and retired—took this while touring Holland by bus.

*O Master, from the mountainside,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain*



While nations are in ferment, governments topple, and people rise up in fury, one against another, men still dream of a peaceful planet at the United Nations, where Nelson Merrifield, Port Arthur, Ontario, took this picture last year.

Among these restless throngs abide



*"Yet long these multitudes
to see/The sweet compassion of
thy face... And follow where
thy feet have trod"*

*Photographed in Korea by
Harold Girton of
Garden Grove, Calif.*

*Till sons
of men
shall learn
Thy love*



Near day's end, the sun swims in a sea of color, and twilight creeps westward before the awakening stars. The earth turns toward the flush of another dawn, and the new day will be beautiful to behold. For the night has drowned yesterday's anguish and ugliness, and men everywhere look again to heaven for the promise of peace. This striking picture of a Florida sunset is by Mrs. Peggy Jo Buddenberg, Hamilton, Mo.

*Till, glorious from Thy heaven above,
Shall come the city of our God!*

BISHOP

Lloyd C. Wicke

EDITOR

Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson 475 Riverside Dr., New York 27, N.Y.

VOLUME 6, NUMBER 10

OCTOBER, 1962

Two Conferences Name Fund Drive Leaders

Alderson and Scranton to Head N.Y.E. and N.Y. Crusades

Dr. William H. Alderson and Dr. Walter L. Scranton have been named general chairmen of the capital fund campaigns about to be launched in the New York East and New York Conferences, respectively.

Dr. Alderson, who will direct the New York East effort to raise \$3,366,000, is pastor of First Methodist Church, Bridgeport, Conn.

Dr. Scranton is New York District superintendent and former pastor of Memorial Church, White Plains (N.Y.). The New York Conference quota is \$1.5 million.

Committees at work this summer on promotion plans are the education and publicity committees headed by the Rev. Paul Sartorio (N.Y.E.) and the Rev. Douglas Verdin (N.Y.).

Pastor Roy in Albany, Ga.

The Rev. Ralph Roy of Grace Church, NYC, went to Albany, Ga., following the arrest of the Rev. Martin Luther King and other leaders seeking conferences with city officials on the rights of Negroes.

Joining a pilgrimage sponsored by the Southern Christian Leadership Confer-

Young Adults Set Parley

The Young Adult Fellowship Council of the New York East Conference plans a weekend September 28-30 at Shelter Island to consider the theme, *Identity, Intimacy and Ideology—Understanding Ourselves*.

The Rev. Wendell C. Shepherd, associate minister of First Church, Amityville (N.Y.) will speak and lead a discussion. He is a veteran of the air force and former school teacher.

28 from 3 to 7:45 p.m. at locations to be announced later.

The leaders will be the Rev. Robert Regan, Jr., General Board of Christian Social Concerns; the Rev. Leslie L. Ross, Board of Evangelism; and the Rev. Donald Struchen, Board of Missions.

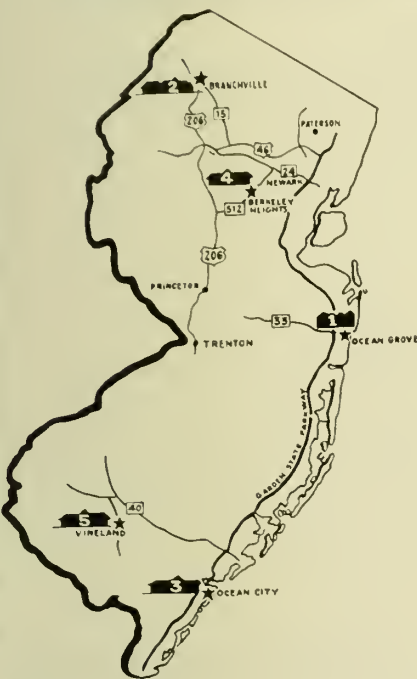
Hospital to Hold Clinic

Pastors' clinics will be held again next season at the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn for the five supporting confer-

(Continued on page A-3)



Three plaques honoring donors of \$5,000 or more are erected at the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn. Top panel is for the Founder George I. Seney who gave \$410,000.



Map shows Newark Conf. Home plans.

Second Home Rises

The second Home in the Newark Conference expansion plan is under construction at Ocean City (N.J.) and is expected to be ready for occupancy next June.

The first one, at Branchville, was opened last November and contains 38 single rooms, five doubles, four apartments, and an infirmary which will accommodate 14.

The new one will have 42 single rooms, three doubles, 30 cottage apartments, and an infirmary for 16.

Plans for future development call for two more homes at Berkeley Heights and Vineland. Superintendent Alfred E. Willert reports that the waiting list has grown from 213 to 290 persons in the New Jersey and Newark Conferences.

Thirteen luncheons will be held in the Newark Conference between September 18 and October 25 to acquaint Methodists with the plans for the new Homes.

To Train Commissions

Troy Conference leaders are planning fall training sessions for chairmen and members of three commissions in each church.

They will be held October 7, 14, 21, and

ence, Mr. Roy told his congregation some of the clergy would risk arrest by praying on the steps of City Hall; others would "help keep the spirits of the people high" by speaking in Albany churches.

Mr. Roy was also one of 100 ministers who went to Washington to urge President Kennedy to take a more aggressive stand on Albany's racial problems.

Yohe at Camp Drum

The Rev. Clair F. Yohe of Crawford Memorial Church, Bronx (N.Y.) is spending five months at Camp Drum (N.Y.) as supervisor and co-ordinator of the Protestant program for the Reserve National Guard.

He also helps instruct about 150 chaplains among the 77,000 men on duty. The camp has seven chapels.

Dr. Edwards Elected

Dr. Norman O. Edwards, administrator of Bethany Deaconess Hospital, Brooklyn (N.Y.) was elected chairman of the area promotion and public relations commission at the annual meeting. He is a member of the New York East Conference and succeeds Dr. C. Walter Kessler of Troy Conference.

Also elected were the Rev. Forest Fuess of Newark Conference, vice chairman, and the Rev. Philip Clarke of New York Conference, secretary.

Each conference is represented by a district superintendent, a minister, a layman and a TRAFCO representative. Miss Florence Bell is treasurer and Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson, director.

Laymen's Retreat Planned

New York Conference laymen will hold their Seventh Annual Fall Assembly September 14-16 at Sugar Maples Hotel, Maplecrest (N.Y.).

Bishop Welch to Be Honored on Eve of 100th Birthday

Bishop Welch is to be honored on the eve of his 100th birthday at a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, on November 6, 1962. Those who would like to attend can make reservations by filling out the blank below and sending it with a check, made out to "The Committee for Bishop

THE BISHOP WRITES

Pakistan and India

"Did you hear, the bishop and his wife are on a junket to the Far East?" A colleague was informing his friend of our whereabouts.

It is true. Mrs. Wicke and I are traveling in Pakistan and India on our episcopal visitation, October through November.

The purpose of these quadrennial visits is to observe the living church first-hand and to share its life for a time. Such an experience should provide us with more adequate knowledge of the power of the Gospel.

Knowledge which will be employed in helping formulate the policies of our church in its wider relationships. Knowledge which can be shared with our area upon our return. Knowledge which will help create an increased sense of our world-wide responsibility.

We will invest most of our time visiting the inland and out-of-the-way mission stations of our church.

We earnestly solicit your remembrance while we are absent each from the other.

Sincerely,

LOYD C. WICKE



Frank S. Beebe and Thomas W. Miller, lay leaders of the Poughkeepsie and Kingston Districts, respectively, are in charge.

Museum to House Church

After a 15-year search for a church building to become part of Farmers' Museum at Cooperstown (N.Y.), the State Historical Association chose the Cornwallville Methodist Church, built in 1819.

It will be dismantled and reassembled in the village crossroads section of the museum this fall.

The building has been unused since 1960 when the church merged with other congregations to form the Susquehanna Methodist Church at Durham.

Title was transferred to the museum with the approval of Bishop Wicke and the New York State Supreme Court.

1963 School Planned

The Newark Conference Woman's Society has launched plans for the 1963 School of Missions which is scheduled June 24-28. Mrs. Gottfried Marti will be dean; Mrs. Charles A. Leitch, registrar; and Mrs. William M. Canfield, business manager.

The next planning meeting will be October 8 at 10 a.m. at the Newark YWCA.



New Year greetings are extended to Jewish neighbors by King's Highway Church, Brooklyn (N.Y.). Pastor Chester E. Hodgson is shown with message on lawn sign.

Mail to: Miss Henrietta Gibson, 7 Lexington Avenue,
New York 10, N.Y.

Please reserve _____ places at \$7.50 each for the dinner
in honor of Bishop Welch.

Amount of check enclosed: \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

OCTOBER, 1962

Vol. 6, No. 10

TOGETHER is an official organ of The Methodist Church, issued monthly by the Methodist Publishing House, 201 Eighth Avenue South, Nashville 3, Tenn. Publisher: Lovick Pierce.

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Number of Members	Annual Subscription Rate	Billed Quarterly @
Ten percent	\$3.12	78¢ each
Twenty percent	\$2.76	69¢ each
Thirty percent	\$2.52	63¢ each

(Fewer than ten percent but grouped and submitted through the church office: \$3.96 a year, cash with order.)

Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.



Dr. Bernhard W. Anderson, dean of the Theological School, was a lecturer and discussion leader at the first Institute for Theological College Staffs in English-speaking West Africa held at the University of Ghana.

- About 395 exchange students from 15 countries met on the campus under the sponsorship of the International Christian Youth Exchange.

- The Drew-McCormick archeological expedition at the ruins of the ancient city of Shechem in Jordan has discovered tablets dating back to 18th and 12th centuries B.C.

- Robert L. Carrigan, associate chaplain of the Presbyterian Hospital of New York City, has been appointed instructor in pastoral care.

- Miss Nelle K. Morton, associate professor of religious education, is on a year's sabbatical leave in Europe studying the findings and research conducted by Jean Piaget and associates at L'Institut de Rousseau in Geneva.

- Dr. George N. Bistis, Drew graduate, is the only American to receive an invitation to address a symposium at the Tenth International Botanical Congress to be held at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1964.

- James F. Ross, assistant professor of Old Testament, is co-author of *Basic Sources of the Judeo-Christian Heritage*.

HOSPITAL TO HOLD CLINIC

(Continued from page A-1)

ences, the Rev. Donald S. Stacey, field chaplain, announces.

They are scheduled October 3-6, Troy Conference; November 7-10, New York East; January 9-12, Newark; March 13-16, New York; and May 1-4, Wyoming.

The men will undergo complete physical examinations, observe clinical procedures and hear a series of lectures.

The Rev. Keith Keidel, house chaplain, is program director.



President and Mrs. Raymond A. Withey of Green Mountain College, Poultney (Vt.) directed 17 students on a six-week tour of eight European countries. College may offer future tours for degree credits.

The Short Circuit

The Rev. William H. Studwell, his wife and six children, have returned to their post at Union Church, New Delhi, India, after a visit to the United States. He is a New York East Conference member and son-in-law of Dr. Loyd F. Worley.

The Rev. William Malpass of Saranac (N.Y.) was honored by the Clinton County Council as "Outstanding Pastor" of the county.

Dr. Paul V. Hydon of Burlington (Vt.) delivered five addresses to 374 persons at Norwich University Senior High Week.

The Rev. Chester E. Hodgson of Kings Highway Church, Brooklyn (N.Y.) was the Protestant representative at Religious Emphasis Week at Lincoln University. He spoke on "Peace, Freedom and the Bible." Speaking of Kings Highway, the intermediate choir was seen on "Sing Around the City" on WNBC-TV.

The effect sudden disarmament would have upon the economic life of Addison County was subject of a community panel discussion at Middlebury (Vt.) Church.

Dr. Lynn J. Radcliffe, minister emeritus of Hyde Park Community Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, and a member of the Methodist Co-ordinating Council, is now residing at 21 Ferndale Rd., Madison (N.J.).

Dr. Daniel D. Brox, superintendent of Bethel Home, Ossining, spoke at the 40th reunion of his class at Nebraska Wesleyan University after persuading 10 percent of his class to mention the university in their wills.

Mahlon H. Smith III of Paramus (N.J.) is the recipient of a National Methodist Scholarship Seminary Award. He is a Drew student. The award consists of a \$500 scholarship and participation in a travel seminar.

Raymond Lange, Richard Wadson and Jerry Sutton received their God and Country awards from the Rev. Robert A. Gevert at Warwick (N.Y.) Church.

Armonk (N.Y.) Church will celebrate its 175th anniversary September 23 with Bishop Newell as the preacher.

Thanks to organizations and members of the Bound Brook (N.J.) Church, MYF secretary Jean Behrens went to Buenos Aires this summer as an exchange student. The church raised \$300 to cover expenses.

Modern fire alarm system and frequent drills account for safety award plaques on the cafeteria walls of the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn.

Dr. Franz Hildebrandt, professor of theology at Drew University, is an alternate delegate to the Vatican Council to be held in Rome beginning October 11.

Dr. Frederick K. Kirchner of Delmar (N.Y.), lay leader of the Troy Conference, has been elected a member of the General Board of Lay Activities.

Dr. Harold A. Bosley of Christ Church, New York City, will speak September 30 at the 10th anniversary of the publication of The Revised Standard Version at Riverside Church.

Albert A. Pierce, Jr., son of the Rev. and Mrs. Albert A. Pierce of the Ridge-wood Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., departed by jet August 25 for Tokyo, Japan, to spend his junior year at the International Christian University. He will return to the American University in Washington, D.C.

Breakthru, Methodist television series, is being heard over Station WCBS, New York City, Saturdays at 8:30 a.m. and on Station WTEN-TV, Albany (N.Y.) at 1 p.m. Sundays beginning October 7.

Another winner of the God and Country Award is Scout Robert Anthony of Paramus (N.J.). The presentation was made by the Rev. Mahlon H. Smith, Jr., pastor of the Arcola Church. Robert also



James Myer, superintendent of Milford (Pa.) church school for 40 years, leads way to ground-breaking for \$42,000 unit. At the right is Pastor Bruce Marshall.



Colonial chandelier honors the late Henry V. Crounse, member of Voorheesville (N.Y.) church for 67 years. Church added wing; remodeled sanctuary for \$120,000.

received a Bible from the Men's Club, sponsor of his troop.

Area men participating in the 11th Annual Lay Leadership Training Assembly of the Northeastern Jurisdiction October 26-28 in Atlantic City (N.J.) are Louis Hauser, chairman of the jurisdiction board of lay activities; Dr. Frederick K. Kirchner, program chairman; W. Carl Walton, publicity chairman; and the Rev. Richard L. Francis, director of the Brooklyn Division of the New York Protestant Council, speaker.

Bishop Herbert Welch, who will celebrate his 100th birthday November 7, was a recent visitor at the Seattle World's Fair and preached at First Church in that city.

Layman Serves Circuit

J. Coolidge Hand, Delmar (N.Y.) insurance man, has retired from his business to become minister of the Rock City Falls, East Galway and Middle Grove (N.Y.) churches in the Glens Falls District.

He is 52 years old and has been a licensed local preacher since 1956. He has conducted 212 services in six years.

Mr. Hand is the tenth man to enter the ministry from the Delmar Church in the 16-year pastorate of the Rev. Arthur P. White.

New Haven Laymen to Meet

New Haven District laymen will hold an assembly September 28-29 at the YMCA Outdoor Center, North Colebrook (Conn.), with Vernon L. Sidler of Evanston, Ill., associate director of Methodist Men, General Board of Lay Activities, as one of the leaders.

Mr. Sidler will serve as resource leader for a group studying leadership training, will lead a group on Methodist Men and will speak at the closing consecration service.

He is a native of Chicago, Ill., and was educated at the University of Illinois, John Marshall Law School and Northwestern University.

The assembly will start at 5:30 p.m., September 28, with registration followed by a dinner, song service and an address by the Rev. Joseph Geary of New Britain. Cabin discussions are slated for 10 p.m. on creative churchmanship, prayer groups,



Glens Falls District nominees for Together's Family-of-the-Year contest are the George Comptons of Lyon Mountain (N.Y.) church with District Superintendent Hobart Goewey, Pastor C. O. Latimer.



En route to Russia, President Robert F. Oxnam of Drew University is seen (center) with Dr. Victor Murray (left) and Dr. Thomas Jessop, British educators, at executive committee meeting of World Methodist Council in London, England.

adult education, lay evangelism and training for leadership.

The following day devotions will be led by Charles Estes of West Hartford and the morning session will consist of leadership groups for various phases of lay participation in the church program.

Others on the program as group leaders and resource persons are Fred Rackliffe of the New Britain Subdistrict, the Rev. Edward L. Eastman of Watertown, Clark L. Farnum of the Unionville Subdistrict, the Rev. Charles Lanham of Waterbury, Theodore Ganung of the New Haven Subdistrict, the Rev. H. Burnham Kirkland of Middletown, Robert Mayo of the Granby Subdistrict, the Rev. Richard Smelzer of Hamden Plains, Walter Thompson of the Watertown Subdistrict, the Rev. William Holman of Derby, Edward Duncan of New Haven, James Sessions of Bristol, William Dickinson of Yalesville, David Robinson of Middletown, the Rev. Franklin Terry of Wallingford and Dr. Paul Stoddard of Hartford. The Rev. Vincent Watson of Forrestville will be in charge of music.

J. Harold Hamilton of Newington, district lay leader, is in charge of the program.

Centenary Notes

Ronald A. Narel, Mineola (N.Y.) has been named associate director of admissions. He was formerly admissions counselor at Stephens College.

Miss Ruth Stoneman of Auburn (Nebr.) has been appointed to the division of social science to teach history and sociology.

HACK, 1962 yearbook, has been awarded a score of A (excellent) from National School Yearbook Association.

Dr. Barbara Morehead of Bridgeport (Conn.) is an appointee to the division of humanities.

Carolyn M. James of Jackson Heights (N.Y.), incoming freshman, has been awarded \$500 by the Methodist Board of Education.

Different Now (We Hope!)

The wearisome journey from New York to Pittsburgh, that 136 years ago took five days for Methodist General Conference delegates, has been accomplished recently in 41 minutes. The travel cost remains about the same.

Digging back into history for facts about the Methodist General Conference of 1828, Dr. Arthur Bruce Moss of New York, former pastor of John Street Church, New York City, came upon the following announcement in the *Christian Advocate and Journal* for April 11, 1828, that will interest prospective delegates and visitors to the 1964 General Conference to be held in Pittsburgh:

"For the information of the delegates (from New York) to the ensuing General Conference, to be held in Pittsburgh on the first of May next, we state: There is a stage leaves Philadelphia every day at 4 o'clock a.m. for Pittsburgh, and arrives at the latter place in four days.

"Stage fare—seventeen dollars, exclusive of board and lodging, which will be four dollars. They may, therefore, travel from New York in five days at an expense of twenty-six dollars.

"The grandeur and sublimity of the scenery made some compensation for the badness of the road; which especially, after we had descended the last mountain, was intolerable; so much so, that we were glad to relieve ourselves at times from the perpetual rocking of our crazy stage by walking.

"Indeed, you would have been amused to have seen us, when approaching Pittsburgh at night, in rank and file, picking our way among the ruts, mud and slime, on foot."

Advantages of Age Cited

The advantages of maturity include the ability to memorize easily, appreciation of the world around us and the ability to love with greater depth, Dr. J. Edward Carothers of Memorial Church in White Plains (N.Y.) told residents of Bethel Home, Ossining.

Reports of President Leslie J. Tompkins and the Rev. Daniel D. Brox, superintendent, indicated that the home had had a successful year financially and that several improvements had been added including a communications system between the office and private rooms, an outside elevator and more storage space.

Four major needs of older persons were listed by Dr. Brox as security, participation in activities, recognition as individuals, and relatedness to other persons.

Morristown MYF Tours

A busload of 25 MYFers from the Morristown (N.J.) Church presented a repertoire of three plays during a week's tour of churches and institutions from Baltimore (Md.) to Nashville (Tenn.).

The plays were *And He Came to His Father*, *The Gardener Who Was Afraid of Death*, and *Sister Clare*.

UNFINISHED

BUSINESS

*They may make you feel unnecessary—
but your teen-agers still need your guidance.*

By VIRGINIA E. GRESS

A Together in the  Feature

DO YOUR teen-agers make you feel a little unnecessary? If so, be glad; at last you can be sure they are normal. And even if that throne you have been occupying seems shaky, don't abdicate too soon—they need you more now than ever!

The first signs of rejection may come as a shock, as it did to me that day shortly after we moved to a new home in a strange city. I drove to the high school one afternoon to pick up our daughter Bonnie. Object: piano lesson in 10 minutes.

I knew Bonnie had an after-school meeting, but after waiting for some time I asked a passing student to lend her out. (I flattered myself that I knew better than to go in.) But there was rage in Bonnie's eyes when he came out and got in the car.

"Don't you ever do that again!" he muttered between clenched teeth.

I learned she had left the meeting to the tune of: "Hurry up, now—our Mommie wants you." She had been cut down a notch in a group where she was struggling to gain status. Thereafter, by mutual agreement, she walked home—on time—on piano-lesson days, and we both were happier.

When our teen-agers reject us, it is because home and friends repre-

sent two different worlds in their early teen years, and it takes time to co-ordinate them. When our teen-ager is hurt, she does not come running for mother to "kiss the hurt." Instead, mother stands in danger of being hurt herself.

If we are perceptive, though, we parents can often detect a hidden injury. An apparently unwarranted explosion at home may be a delayed reaction to a fuse lighted outside home territory. Chances are, our child will not tell us what happened, and we may not be able to ease the pain, but we can at least stand by to cushion the blow.

My husband first met rejection when we were asked to chaperone a school dance. Our daughter, Martha, then a high-school freshman, was not too pleased, but her girl friends were delighted, so she consented. I was flattered that her friends liked us that well; it was not until later that it dawned on me that they were so glad to have us because if we went their own parents would not have to be there.

Her father looked a little hurt when Martha instructed us to stay in our own corner and not dare to appear on the dance floor. But halfway through the evening we were called onto the floor for a "chaperones' special."

My knees turned to water with that sea of teen eyes watching as we danced the waltz and the fox trot.

As we drove home, my husband asked her: "Well, did we pass the test?"

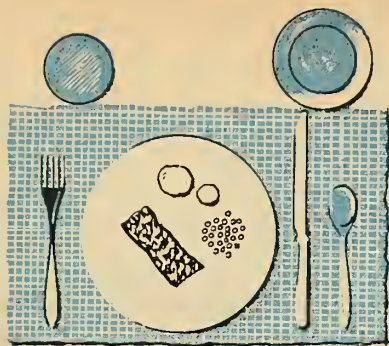
"You know," she said, "I was kinda' proud of you—the kids thought you were the best dancers on the floor—of the chaperones, that is!"

It was high praise.

After the more-or-less automatic care of the earlier years, the teen years tax our energies in quite another way, and frictions wear our patience thin. But when teen-agers push you off so they can stand alone and apart from you, they are not always arguing against your advice. They are merely testing their own judgment.

At our house, we have always encouraged independent decisions, and tried to say "yes" whenever it seemed reasonable and safe. I can even be teased into an affirmative answer when I realize my original "no" does not really hold water.

But sometimes a firm "no" is necessary. Then we try to give reasons. I remember the time Martha in high school was invited to a party. When she was told she could not go,



The Leisurely Meal

A CASUALTY of modern times is the real family dinner table—the spot where I learned more than I ever did anywhere else. When I was growing up, everyone joined in the conversation there, down to the last lisping toddler.

Listening and talking, we enjoyed a leisurely meal, often spending an hour or more together in conversation.

Eventually we'd adjourn to the porch or a spot in front of the fireplace. A quilt was placed on the floor for the youngest child. When bedtime came, he was carried away, fast asleep.

Older children discussed their problems of school and playmates and their ambitions with father and mother. Nobody nagged, nobody gave orders. Each child came to know what our family thought was good, and what was bad.

We may not, of course, always have done what our parents thought best, but each of us knew what was approved. Our parents had time to hear our problems and talk about them with us freely, easily, and slowly around the old dinner table.

What a difference today! Food is bolted down, the TV turned on; then members of the family sit in stony silence or go their separate ways.

Recently a friend's daughter married a man disapproved of by her parents. I wonder if her parents ever found time to tell her what they admired in a man. What with hurried meals and TV and bridge, did this girl ever get to share her family's ideals?

If I had just one wish it would be this: Bring back our old leisurely family dinner and its table talk—and watch tensions go down!

—FLORENCE GREENBAUM

she demanded "one good reason" why not.

I had it. That afternoon I had happened to meet the mother of the boys who were giving the party. Neither of us knew my daughter had been invited when she told me: "The boys are giving a party tonight, so I'm getting out so they can have the place to themselves."

Our daughter had not known there would be no parents present, but even after we told her we had a good fight on our hands—with bitter comments from her corner about our lack of trust. However, we always have had a house rule that our teenagers could not attend parties where no adults were on the premises; and the girls have understood that the reason is completely apart from the implicit trust they know we have in them. We do not mind being considered fuddy-duddies, and the girls have always been free to say: "My parents won't let me."

The girls used to complain when we told their dates what time we expected them home. "It makes us sound so juvenile," they wailed. Then a friend of mine told me about a conversation she had had with a boy who had dated her daughter in high school. "One of the nicest things you ever did was to tell us what time we should come in. It certainly takes a boy off the hook, so a girl doesn't think he's getting tired of her company—and I'm sure it's easier for a girl not to have to break things up to get home on time."

I told our girls about this boy's view of the situation. Since then they have found, themselves, that it actually does work out that way.

There is no schedule for satisfying the real needs of a teen-ager. They are not underfoot as much, and with long hours to ourselves at last we are inclined to think our time is our own again. But in the press of the home-again, gone-again schedule of the modern adolescent, the very best (perhaps the only) time for a heart-to-heart talk may be in the middle of a night when you have promised yourself a full night's sleep. Whenever the door is opened, it behooves us to move in at a time when an exchange of opinions may have an important effect on the youngster's future welfare.

Martha was fortunate enough to

be accepted at the college of her choice. She spent two years there and was to go back, in her junior year, to well-loved friends and teachers, and the recognition of being a freshman counselor and an officeholder in the campus government.

Late one night, toward the end of the summer, I found her in her room, sitting on the bed, knitting. I could see tears in her eyes. Martha does not cry very often, so I knew something was wrong. I sat down and waited, and as a tear or two escaped she started to talk.

"Oh, Mother—why am I going back to that school for two more years? I just don't know what I'm there for."

I knew her interest had been turning toward a different curriculum, and we had discussed specialized training in that field after college.

"You're happy there, aren't you?" I asked.

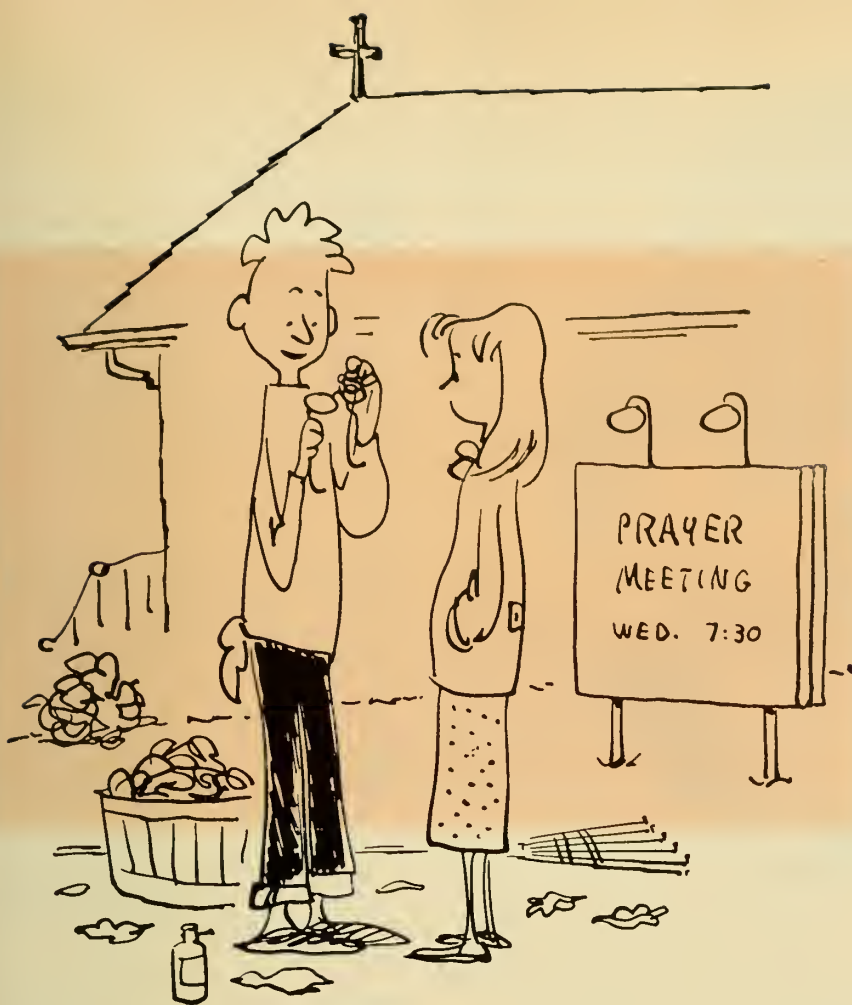
"Yes, in most ways. But I'm two different people—my at-school self and my at-home self. And I like my at-home self better. But it's too late in the year to transfer, and I can't imagine not going back. Besides, I'd be admitting defeat."

As we talked of alternatives, I pointed out that instead of "admitting defeat," transferring would take a great deal of courage. During the next few days decisions were made and unmade in whirling succession. As a family, we covered the ground over and over again until we were reeling. Pros and cons were hard to balance, and her father and I were particularly anxious that the decision be entirely Martha's.

By the end of the week, she and I were off for an interview at another school, which offered courses she wanted to study. After her first semester there it was music to our ears to hear her say: "My loyalties are still divided, but I made the right decision."

They will not admit it, but I believe teen-agers lean heavily on our concern, trust, and admiration. Often our counsel will not be sought. It becomes harder to keep in touch. But still there are some illuminating lights coming through the crack if we keep the door ajar. And the few occasions when we are still needed may be crucial ones.

So don't abdicate too soon!



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

"This is church clean-up day . . . I've mowed the lawn, scrubbed the front steps, and raked all the leaves. Now I'm cleaning the minister's glasses!"

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

Q I'm a college senior. I postponed taking a required public-speaking course until now because I'm shy and have a slight lisp. I hate standing in front of others. At best, I would only endure this course. However, the teacher is sarcastic, so it is pure misery for me. He asked me what kindergarten I attended, that I still should lisp. After my first talk, he told the class I probably had a brain—somewhere. Is it right for a professor to embarrass a student that way?—G.A.

A No, it's not. He should help you, not shame you. However, some professors are themselves immature. They bolster their inner weakness by being sarcastic with students. Such professors must be endured.

Since this is a required course you'll have to grin and bear it.

Q Kids cheat a lot at our school, especially in math class. The teacher does not seem to care. I am a Christian, so I do not cheat. As a result, I get low grades. Can I do anything about the cheating?—M.G.

A Let me congratulate you for living up to your standards. It takes courage. Ask members of your student council to take up the problem of cheating. They can advise the principal about it and start reforms. Then find a tactful way of telling your math teacher what is happening. If she is conscientious, she'll thank you and take steps to

improve things. Prevention of cheating is an important part of a teacher's job.

Q I'm in a debate at a church camp. We are discussing the question Are the Moral Standards of American Teenagers Deteriorating? Dr. Barbour, how would you answer that?—W.B.

A I'd have to answer "yes." My answer is based on the upward trend in teen-age sex delinquency and the rise in the rate of illegitimate births. Only one large group of American teenagers—the church group—seems to be living up to our traditional moral standards. Among nonchurch teenagers, moral standards seem to be slowly deteriorating.

Q My parents are divorced. Mama moved away after the separation, and Daddy arranged for me to live with a neighbor. She is a very fine lady and I love her. Now Daddy has married again, and has asked me to come and live with him. I like his new wife very much, but I hate the thought of leaving the woman who has been so nice to me. What shall I do?—R.S.

A Other things being equal, it would be best for you to live with your father and stepmother. Could you visit the woman you now live with once or twice a week? If you saw her regularly, you would not have to break your friendship.

Q I'm a boy, 13. I cannot understand the girls at my church. Last Sunday four different girls approached me, sighed deeply, and said, "Oh, my darling, I love you!" Then they made terrible faces, groaned, and turned away as though they were sick. Are they nuts?—R.C.

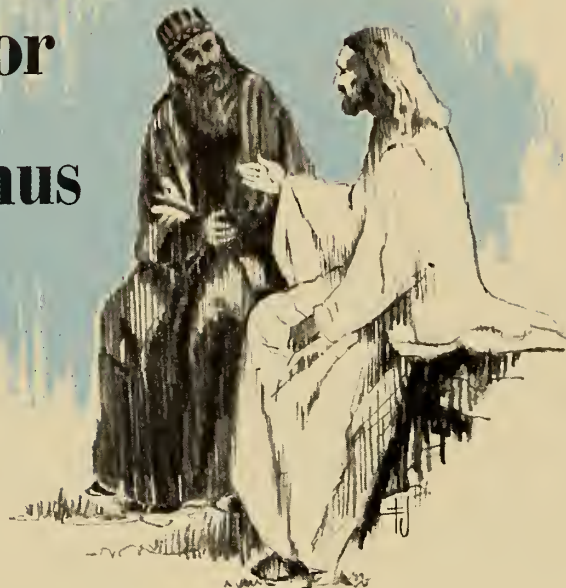
A No, they were just teasing you. Probably they like you quite well. Next time just smile and let them have their fun. They will get over it.

Q I'm 13, and have several boy-friends. At school, two boys walk me to class regularly. Another boy carries my Bible at church. Boys phone me and send birthday cards. However, if I ask a boy to go to a dance, I get a brush-off. What is wrong?—J.L.

A Probably two things. One is that boys grow up slower than girls. Not many boys of 13 enjoy dances or

A Good Word for Nicodemus

By ROY L. SMITH



ONE OF THE most interesting characters in the New Testament—one about whom we know almost nothing—may also be one of the most unhappily misunderstood of all those with whom Jesus ever came in contact.

Let's take another look at Nicodemus, the scholarly Sanhedrist, who came to Jesus by night to inquire of him concerning his teachings. It has usually been presumed that he was a moral coward who took advantage of the darkness to interview our Lord, fearful lest he might have to take an unpleasant stand if detected talking to Him.

There may have been another side to the story. As an influential member of the Great Sanhedrin which fixed the moral and spiritual standards of the nation, he could not appear to be a friend of one thought to be misleading or deceiving the people. Up to the moment when he sat down with Jesus under cover of the night, he had known nothing about the doctrines of the carpenter from Nazareth except from hearsay.

His opinions of Jesus were borrowed, either from an enemy or a friend. To accept the judgment of either party, without making a personal investigation, would have been to betray a sacred trust. Therefore, he determined to talk the whole matter over with the Galilean.

When all the hysteria and re-

criminations have been dismissed, it still remains true that too many good people of our time have given their names to wrong causes for no better reason than that they have not taken time to make a personal investigation.

It is the duty of Christian people to exercise their influence (however great or little it may be) in behalf of godly causes. No man walks without an influence any more than he walks in the sunshine without a shadow. But, by the same token, every person is responsible for the moral effects of that influence.

Again and again, Christian people have lent their names to unchristian causes and movements, because they have not taken time to investigate. As a consequence, they have become, actually, fellow travelers with evil.

Nicodemus seems to have been a man who would read the fine print before signing the contract, who would investigate the sponsorship of a movement before allowing his name to appear as a member of the "advisory committee," who would seek facts before judging.

He was the kind of man who would insist on drinking his cola out of the original bottle, lest someone believe he was really drinking a cocktail.

The church of Jesus Christ has been embarrassed a great many times by those who have been careless about investing their influence.

parties. Later they will. The other is that boys like to take the initiative. If they think a girl is chasing them, they get embarrassed. Next time try waiting for a boy to invite you.

Q *I'm a boy, 15. My family moved from a farm to a large city a year ago. I'm lonesome. Sometimes I'm afraid to go to school or to meet anybody. When I feel like that I tell my mom I'm sick and stay in bed. Last night I got to crying and couldn't stop. I told a psychologist at school how I felt. He said I should come to see him regularly. Would this help me?—B.Y.*

A It might help you greatly. I urge you to accept the psychologist's invitation. Be sure to carry out his suggestions. Also, be sure to tell your parents how you feel. They can help too.

Q *I'm 14. Last spring I was on the school track team. I've decided to keep in good physical condition the year around, so I run a mile daily. My older sister thinks I'm crazy and says if I keep up running I'll injure my heart. That's not true, is it?—V.S.*

A Did you have a physical exam before you went out for track? If the doctor said you have a normal heart and if you are in good condition otherwise, the regular exercise should help you, not harm you. If you have any serious doubts, ask your doctor.

Q *I'm an adopted girl, 18. I love my adoptive parents but now that I'm grown, I am wondering about finding my real mother and father. I want to see what kind of people they are. My boyfriend tells me I shouldn't, that they may turn out to be drunkards or worse. Should I try to look them up?—C.R.*

A Experts on adoptions advise against letting adopted children meet their real parents. The meetings create more problems than they solve. What your boyfriend suggests might well be true. I hope you won't try to find your folks.

Q *I worked hard all last summer and earned good money. I'm a boy, 16. My father made me give him my paychecks. He deposited my money in the family bank account. He was raised in Europe and says his father did the same thing when he started working. Do you think I'm old enough to have my own bank account? Would*

it be O.K. for me to buy my own clothes, and to spend a few dollars on dates?—E.C.

A Customs vary. Most men who were reared in Europe do what your dad did. Fathers reared in America are more likely to encourage their children to have their own bank accounts, and to manage their own money. In the long run, the American plan seems to be best. Are you responsible? Will you be careful not to squander your money? If so, my answer to both your questions would be yes.

Q I'm a girl, 15. For two months, I have had pains and twitches in my abdomen. I have not experienced my regular cycle. I feel the way my mother said she felt before her last baby was born. I'm afraid I may become a mother. However, my girl friends say I could not become pregnant without first having been intimate with a boy. Are they right? Please help!—L.C.

A You cannot become a mother without first having been intimate with a male. Don't worry about being pregnant, but you should have a medical examination right away. Tell your mother about your pains. Have her make an appointment for you with your family doctor. When you get your physical problems solved, go to your mother for information about conception and birth. Ask her to explain everything about reproduction.

Q I'm an 11th grader. Some of the kids who go steady in my school have a new fad: the boy sucks on his girl's arms or neck until a bruise comes. They call the splotches "hick-eyes." I'm no prude, but I find this disgusting. My girl wanted me to put a hickey on her, and I refused. Did I do right?—M.Y.

A Yes, you did. This particular fad comes and goes. Eventually, teachers and parents become aware of it and crack down. The more responsible boys and girls agree with you that hickies are disgusting.

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DR. BARBOUR, head of counseling in the San Diego, Calif., public schools, has answers for all teen problems. Young people may ask his help—in strict confidence—by writing him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois.



Bishop Nall Answers Questions About



Your Faith and Your Church

Is ours a covenant-keeping God?

Of course. And we ought to be sure that, according to the Bible, a covenant is far more than a contract made in keeping with certain laws, and more than a promise that is only a personal pledge.

While the Hebrews of Bible times (like Americans today) had nothing to offer God but their obedience, he made a covenant that constituted them as a people. He chose them and indicated the direction he wanted them to go.

The Bible is largely the record of this people's relationships with God under the covenant. The law was a part, God's grace a more important part. The covenant was all God's gift; the nation was in no sense a partner, only a beneficiary.

Through Jesus Christ, there is a new covenant with persons and with peoples. Its terms suggest that it requires everything we are and have—our history, culture, institutions, freedoms, ambitions, selves.

Is the Holy Spirit 'He' or 'It'?

If the Father and Son are personal in our thought, so should be the Holy Spirit. There are passages in John's Gospel and in Acts that refer to the Spirit as a gift, but this is in the same sense that Jesus referred to himself as Truth and Peace. There is nothing impersonal about it.

Our relationship to the Third

Person of the Trinity is at least as personal as to the other two. Augustine said: "Because the Holy Spirit is common to Father and Son, he himself is called that properly which both are called in common. For the Father is also a spirit, and the Son is a spirit, and the Father is holy, and the Son is holy."

Why have liturgy in the church?

First a word about meanings: with the Greeks, "liturgy" meant public service; in the New Testament it meant service rendered to God.

In the worship of the Church, both clergy and laity have a liturgy, because both do something for God, in addition to what he does for us. We do not merely receive, we also give.

As Hugh A. McLeod told the World Methodist Conference in Oslo, "We give God thanks, present him our concern for ourselves and others, give him ourselves." He added:

"Our liturgy does not stop when

the church service is over, but goes on out into the world of buying and selling, of working and playing."

In this larger sense, liturgy need not be formal, but there is a narrow sense in which liturgy is associated with the observance of the Lord's Supper. There are nine of these liturgies, associated with the names of the apostles or cities where they have been used.

Bishop Nall, who supervises Methodism in the Minnesota Area, reports, "People are asking more questions—and better ones." A former editor of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, he uses a journalist's skill and a minister's knowledge to answer your questions about your faith.



William R. Persons
Laramie, Wyo.

OCTOBER 7

... in your hearts reverence Christ as Lord. Always be prepared to make a defense to anyone who calls you to account for the hope that is in you, yet do it with gentleness and reverence.—I Peter 3:15

AS A TEEN-AGE church member, I accepted my pastor's challenge to "win someone for Christ" during the year. If the preacher gave instruction on how this was to be done, I was too starry-eyed about the goal to hear. Subsequently, timidity, rebuff, and disappointment cooled my fervor. At last feelings of guilt came in realizing that I had failed my task because of inadequate method.

Today's pastors want to share the joys of our Christian witness with their congregations. But now the greatest need is for motive. These defenses are heard: "Nobody had to invite me to come to church!" "You can't force people to be religious." "This is what we pay a preacher for."

What we really say is, "If they want to go to hell, let them."

The motive for evangelism in the New Testament church was "Jesus Christ is Lord!" Methodists have renewed it in the 1960s. It affirms that the Christian's first devotion should be toward God. Such a commitment compels one to want to share. When this affirmation becomes personally real, committees spend less time getting the dead timber off the rolls—more time practicing the method.

As an evangelist, the Christian must be prepared to make a defense. This implies no belligerent paranoia. Rather, it recognizes that the hope within is reflected outwardly. In a hopeless world, genuine hopefulness always enjoys a seller's market. But those

who are deep in despair will not be sold on shallow wishful thinking. They demand sound explanation for the courage and optimism with which committed Christians face such days as these. The good news is communicated to such seekers by the quiet and reverent accounting of the values and meanings of the life with God.

Prayer: O Lord, our God, whose love we share with all the lonely, despised, rejected, defeated souls of our race, make us instruments of hope through all the days ahead. Amen.

—WILLIAM R. PERSONS

OCTOBER 14

"Truly I perceive that God shows no partiality."—Acts 10:34

PETER found that even his glorious Pentecost experience did not correct everything in his life, for he said, "I am in the process of comprehending the fact that God does not show partiality to anyone" (Weust Translation).

Are we open to new truths, and

Light Unto My Path

METHODIST MINISTERS
PROVIDE WEEKLY MEDITATIONS
ON THE INTERNATIONAL
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

are we also willing to obey the truth that we and others may be made free?

Many times our circle of thinking and acting is far too small. Some are just church, denomina-



W. B. Corlett
Thermopolis, Wyo.

tional, family, or nationality Christians. We need to grow into a worldwide fellowship which includes all. John Wesley said, "The world is my parish." Why? Because he realized that he was not only his brother's keeper but also his brother's brother and that his

"heartwarming" experience was worth sharing with the whole world.

We must be willing to learn. Peter could have closed his mind to the truth that God does not show partiality to anyone; this would also have closed the door of opportunity to a deeper, fuller, and wider Christlike life and ministry. But he was beginning to discover more fully what Jesus meant when, in his Sermon on the Mount, he said, "Pray then like this: *Our Father . . .*" and to also know the truth of the great commission, "Go into *all* the world . . ."

How big is our *all*? When we Americans pledge allegiance to the flag, do we mean it when we say, "With liberty and justice for *all*?"

Paul said, "I have become all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." Is our attitude toward others saving or hindering? Helpful or hurtful? Lifting or degrading?

Peter, after his vision and experience, was saying, "Even though Jesus was a Jew, I see he belongs to all men and he is Lord of all. He is the Savior of the world."

Prayer: Teach me thy way, O Lord, and help me to grow in the practice of the religion I profess until I too shall hold no partiality toward anyone. Amen.

—W. B. CORLETT

OCTOBER 21

"For the Son of man also came not to be served but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many."—Mark 10:45

IN THE FRONT of the First Methodist Church in Carson City, Nev., is a memorial window of stained glass in memory of the Rev. Warren Sims. One hundred years ago Mr. Sims, pastor of the newly organized Methodist church, was a familiar figure in his high hat as he drove through dusty Carson City streets with his mule team, hauling cut stone from the quarry to erect the first church in this smallest state capital in the USA.

For 98 years now, this native-stone church, erected by one who came to serve his Lord in this early gun-toting town, has continued to serve the children, youths, and adults of this com-



Eugene D. Alexander
Carson City, Nev.

munity in the worship services, revivals, funerals, weddings, et cetera.

We sing *Faith of Our Fathers!* as we remember these early pioneers and the Son of man who came not to be served but to serve and who gave his life as a ransom for many.

Jesus calls us, too, to forget self and lose ourselves in service to him and our fellow men. He calls us to be *branches* (John 15:5), to be *light* (Matthew 5:14, 16), and *leaven* (Matthew 13:33). In the highest compliment Jesus ever paid human beings, he called us to be *salt* (Matthew 5:13) and *sheep* (Matthew 10:16).

In 1962, Christ calls us to be branches, light, leaven, salt, and sheep and thereby give our lives in personal dedication as a ransom for many. May we remember that Christ has "no hands but our hands, no feet but our feet, no voice but our voice to do his work today."

O young and fearless Prophet of ancient Galilee: Thy life is still a summons to serve humanity.

Prayer: Father, exalt my soul in doing whatever my hands, my feet, my voice find to do for thee—and in doing it with all my might. In Christ's name, we pray. Amen.

—EUGENE D. ALEXANDER

OCTOBER 28

"Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins; and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit."—Acts 2:38

THE PROPHET Isaiah, caught in a time of deep national tragedy and fear, entered the Temple. There he experienced a profound and vivid awareness of

the presence of God. In the midst of that experience he cries out, "Woe is me! For I am lost; for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips" (Isaiah 6:5).

If we are sensitive and alert in



Charles Nowlen, Jr.
Butte, Mont.

spirit, we, too, become aware that we stand in the presence of God. As God's presence becomes real, we, too, should cry out, "Woe is me."

We need to feel "undone." We need to see our life in perspective. We need to know that God provides for us not because we deserve it but because he loves us. We need to feel the pain of sorrow for missing the mark.

As Peter preached on the day of Pentecost, some of his hearers were struck to the heart with this pain in themselves. The awareness of God at work in their life was coupled with awareness of their part in the evil of their day and society, which had crucified Jesus. Their cry was, "Brethren, what shall we do?"

Peter's answer was, "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus the Messiah for the forgiveness of your sins; and you will receive the gift of the Holy Spirit" (New English Bible).

The capacity to commit one's life in trust to God is faith. Repentance that leads to commitment leads to faith and so "prepares the way of the Lord" in what is so often the wilderness or desert of a person's inner life.

Prayer: Our father, enable us to trust thee completely enough that we can genuinely repent, confess our need of thee, and be led by thy Spirit to new life, daily. Amen.

—CHARLES NOWLEN, JR.

Looks at New Books

THE FIRST complete dictionary of the Bible in English in over 50 years will make its appearance October 15, and Methodists can be proud that it is the result of creative, farseeing work by Abingdon Press.

The Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible (Abingdon, \$39.50 for pre-publication orders, \$45 after publication) fills four volumes and represents the work of 253 skilled writers under the direction of a distinguished editorial team composed of **George A. Buttrick**, editor; **Thomas S. Kepler**, **John Knox**, **Herbert Gordon May**, and **Samuel Terrien**, associate editors; and **Emory S. Bucke**, book editor for Abingdon.

It took these experts five years to complete the more than 7,500 entries that define every person named in the Bible or Apocrypha, every town and region, hill and stream, every plant, animal, and mineral, every object used in daily life, every biblical doctrine and theological concept.

There are full-length articles on each book of the Bible, on the Apocrypha and other extra-canonical books, including the Dead Sea Scrolls and the Gnostic Manuscripts. And there are articles on great theological concepts.

To make things still clearer, the *Dictionary* is illustrated by more than 1,000 black-and-white illustrations, 32 pages of full-color illustrations, and 24 pages of full-color maps.

The list of contributors reads like a who's who in the field of religion, and the scope and usefulness of their contribution is monumental.

The art of an age reflects its inner spirit. Thus, that of the early centuries of our era, known to experts as the Late Antique period, is an eloquent witness to the struggle that was taking place between pagan antiquity and Christianity.

For a long time, this art of the early Christian Era was looked down upon, called barbaric and degenerate, in comparison to classical forms. Now, however, its extraordinary richness of creative impulse is being recognized, says **W. F. Volbach** in the text for a magnificent new book.

Early Christian Art (Abrams, \$25) presents a sweeping panorama, beginning with the late Roman and Byzantine Empires of the third century and carrying through the seventh century.

Photographer Max Hirmer visited the original sites and the great museums of the world to make the deceptively simple photographic studies with which the book is blessed. They unerringly concentrate on the most telling aspect or detail of each artistic treasure.

When **Ralph Moody** was nearly 50, in the midst of a successful business career, he enrolled in a night-school writing class. His first assignment was to write an essay on why he wanted to be an author.

"I want to preserve for posterity a record of the rural way of life in these United States before World War I," he wrote. The instructor scribbled across the page: "No you don't either. You

want to stir the emotions of your reader."

In the six books Moody has written since, he has accomplished both purposes. *Shaking the Nickel Bush* (Norton, \$3.95) is his latest. It recalls his experiences when, at the age of 19, he was told he had only 6 months to live. In order to seize a faint chance for health and, in any case, to relieve his widowed mother of a burden and have a last taste of what he enjoyed most, he went to Arizona looking for work as a cowhand.

Times were hard (it was during the recession following World War I), and Ralph and a buddy he met in the Tucson stockyards never did land the kind of jobs they were looking for. Nevertheless, Ralph grew tougher, bigger, and more determined as challenges and obstacles became more difficult.

If you remember John Wesley Noble's story about Moody the man, in the July, 1961, *TOGETHER* [Page 34], or if you have read some of Moody's previous books about his childhood, you will want to read this one.

I asked a former missionary to China how it's possible to get information from behind the bamboo curtain. Oh, he said, letters come through, refugees give us reports, and then we subscribe to the newspapers.

An experienced reader can glean a lot from between the lines. A very experienced reader is **Francis Price Jones**, who ministered in China as a missionary of The Methodist Church from 1915 to 1951. Since 1951 he has served as consultant to the Far Eastern Office of the National Council of Churches and has edited the *China Bulletin*.

Now he has written a Protestant appraisal of *The Church in Communist China* (Friendship Press, \$3.50 cloth, \$1.95 paperback). The church still exists in the People's Republic, but Chinese Christian leaders seem to accommodate themselves excessively to government demands. This is cause for deep concern, but Jones does not feel that the situation is hopeless. He admonishes readers to remember the old Chinese proverb: "They



An unknown Italian artist carved this apostle from ivory in the 5th century. (Photograph from *Early Christian Art*)

slept in the same bed, but they dreamed different dreams."

In *On Asia's Rim* (Friendship Press, \$2.95), **Andrew T. Roy** opens a window on the 38 million people in Korea, Okinawa, the Ryukus, Taiwan, and Hong Kong. The Christians among them are relatively few, but they make up a minority that is active and creative. They are, generally, better educated than their neighbors, and better able to see beyond their own immediate needs.

The needs of 15 million refugees who have slipped under this bamboo curtain are mountainous, and the church, Roy says, is right in the middle of them. He himself is currently vice-president of interdenominational Chung Chi College in Hong Kong. He has lived and worked in the Orient for 30 years.

Back in 1917, the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* carried the item that President Wilson had sent for Herbert Hoover to come to Washington to discuss sending food to England and France. **Lewis L. Strauss'** mother read it and said to her son: "When he gets there, why don't you go up and help him?"

Strauss did just that, becoming Hoover's secretary without pay at the age of 21. So began one of the most remarkable public-service careers of the 20th century.

In the period between the two world wars, Strauss was a member of the investment firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. His special interests in science and invention led to his backing a number of emergent scientists who later became instrumental in the atomic energy program.

Called into service as a Naval reservist during World War II, Strauss was assistant to Navy Secretary James Forrestal. He helped set up the office of Naval Research, was instrumental in establishing the Army-Navy "E" Awards, and emerged from the war with the rank of admiral.

After a brief return to private life, he was recalled by President Truman to become one of the first Atomic Energy commissioners. Appointed chairman of the AEC by President Eisenhower, he became the storm center because of the Dixon-Yates power issue and his part in the controversial loyalty case of atomic scientist J. Robert Oppenheimer. The storm was unabated when President Eisenhower appointed him secretary of the Department of Commerce, and Strauss became the ninth man in American history to be denied confirmation by the U.S. Senate when nominated to a Cabinet post.

In *Men and Decisions* (Doubleday, \$6.95), Strauss discusses the fight over his appointment as candidly as he does the history-making events he has witnessed or participated in. Through the book's pages move Roosevelt, Tru-

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The Priesthood of All Believers

... taught by Martin Luther [see page 16] is exemplified in Laymen's Day, which Methodists observe October 21. Appropriately, it comes just 10 days before Reformation Day. Here are some recent books which dedicated laymen, and women, are reading:

The Church and Its Laity (Abingdon, \$3.50), by **Georgia Harkness**—Discusses the role of ministers and laymen and the functions of the church in today's society.

The Ministry of the Laity (Westminster, \$2.50), by **Francis O. Ayres**—Maintains that all baptized persons are inescapably ministers, whether they know it or not.

The Reformation and Its Significance Today (Westminster, \$2.25, paper), by **Joseph C. McLelland**—Assesses the major Reformers and how their contributions apply today.

Courage to Change (Scribners, \$7.50), by **June Bingham**—An absorbing book on the life and thought of Reinhold Niebuhr, one of America's most influential theologians.

As Christians Face Rival Religions (Association Press, \$3.75), by **Gerald Cooke**—Calls for understanding of other religions and self-understanding of Christianity.

New Life in the Church (Harper, \$3), by **Robert A. Raines**—Tells why the church needs revitalization and how small discussion groups of laymen have helped in that achievement in Methodist churches the author has served.

Men of Fire (Harper, \$3.95), by **Walter Russell Bowie**—Sketches the lives of the men who have passed the spirit of Christ on like a flame from generation to generation.

man, Eisenhower, Winston Churchill, Albert Einstein, Enrico Fermi, James Forrestal, Robert Taft, Henry L. Stimson, and, consistently, Herbert Hoover, who became a lifelong friend.

When Strauss was sworn in as AEC chairman, he himself placed a marker in the Bible. It was at Micah 4:3: "And he shall judge between many peoples, and shall decide concerning mighty nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more."

How could he serve as AEC chairman? He quotes the archdeacon of London, the Rev. O. K. Gibbs-Smith: "It is because in fact it does deter; because it is the lesser of two evils, which in any imperfect world Christians have often to choose; because by a sheer paradox the possession of the deterrent is almost certainly, for the time being, the best possible guarantee against its use."

It is a thoughtful book he has written, and one so vivid that the reader feels as if he had himself been an eyewitness to the history it tells so well.

Rodney Shaw, director of disarmament education for the Division of Peace and World Order of the Methodist Board of Social Concerns, states the ultimate Christian attitude toward disarmament in a little paperback book, **None Shall Make Them Afraid** (Division of Peace and World Order, Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, 50¢). The title comes from Micah's prophecy, which concludes: "and every man shall sit under his vine and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid."

Today, as never before, Christians have an opportunity and a responsibility to translate this vision into history, says Shaw. He quotes the Methodist General Conference of 1960: "... our objective must be nothing less than the abolition of the use of war by nations. Mere arms reductions or limitations are inadequate. Only complete disarmament, involving both nuclear and conventional weapons, down to the levels required for internal policing will deprive nations of the tools of war."

What can the church do to achieve this goal? Shaw says it must:

1. Reaffirm its faith that peace is the will of God, and reassert its belief that God's will for peace requires disarmament under law.

2. Apply its spiritual resources to the development of a climate of opinion in which disarmament can be successfully worked for and achieved.

3. Develop a vigorous program of education and action for peace.

He calls for strengthening the United Nations, for Christians to pray for peace, for them to educate themselves

and their communities for peace, and for them to support negotiations for safeguarded world disarmament.

In 1957, British professor **C. Northcote Parkinson** set the business world to chuckling with his *Parkinson's Law*, a little book in which he cannily expounded the principle that work will increase in exact proportion to the number of people available to do it.

In 1960, he followed with *The Law and the Profits*. Now, he offers crafty counsel on how to get ahead in the business world in *In-Laws and Out-laws* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4). Among the topics he illuminates are The Science of Choosing a Proper Father-in-Law; The Avoidance of Paper Work; How to Dominate a Meeting; and the Parkinson Report, on mergers.

Between the lines of his tongue-in-cheek advice lies a wealth of wisdom. Some of it is expressed in Parkinson's Third Law: *Expansion means complexity and complexity decay*. Or, as the professor puts it still more plainly, "The more complex, the sooner dead."

There are thousands of spots in this country where, with the requisite knowledge, a man could live solely on the bounty of nature more easily than on any Pacific island.

Euell Gibbons comes up with that surprising bit of knowledge in *Stalking the Wild Asparagus* (McKay, \$4.95). This is a book for nature lovers who know a dandelion from a pussy willow and are willing to brave a beehive for wild honey. Even if you prefer to love nature from the ordered comfort of your own home, it still makes fascinating reading.

Gibbons' greatest pleasure is seeking out all sorts of wild plants, which he makes into unusual dishes or home remedies. If you have a yen for making flour from cattails, sugar from milkweed, or a casserole dish from purslane, dock, or sorrel, his book is for you—at home or on a hike.

I discovered four Methodists among the American athletes who speak up for their faith in *The Goal and the Glory* (Revell, \$2.95). Another Methodist, veteran baseball manager Branch Rickey, wrote the introduction for the volume edited by **Ted Simonson**.

Rickey observes: "A careful reading of the following devotional thoughts may surprise you. Certainly it will blast forever the lie that religion is something soft and fragile, an occupation for delicate temperaments."

The Methodist authors are Brooks Robinson, all-star third baseman for the Baltimore Orioles; Paul Dietzel, now head football coach at West Point [see *He Coaches the Tigers*, October, 1961, page 20]; Dan Towler, who combined playing football for the Los

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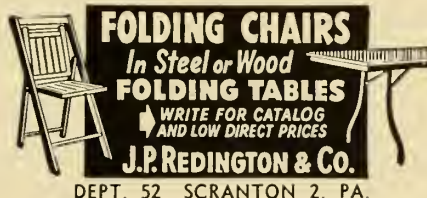
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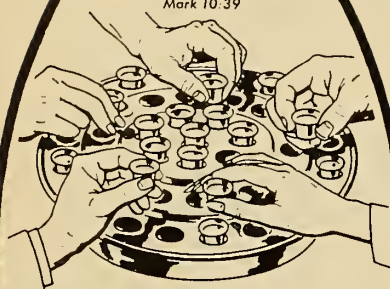
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The cup
that I drink
you will drink.
Mark 10:39



WORLD-WIDE
COMMUNION
SUNDAY
OCTOBER 7, 1962



Angeles Rams with serving a pastorate in Pomona, Calif.; and Frank Broyles, head football coach at the University of Arkansas.

Each of the 30 athletes whose robust faith is expressed in the book is active in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes [see *The Finest Sportsmanship I've Ever Seen*, July, 1961, page 30]; and the Fellowship is receiving all royalties from the sale of the book.

Young children have a joyous love of rhythm and rime. As the parents of all small fry know, they make up their own verses and chant them endlessly; and when they run across poems written by the young-in-heart, they greet them with shouts of glee.

Ivy O. Eastwick has the happy ability to see that "Life is full of ridiculous things, ducks' tails! hens' wings!" and she has written a lyrical collection of poems for youngsters in *Cherry Stones! Garden Swings!* (Abingdon, \$2). Robert A. Jones' care-free drawings add to the book's appeal for small fry from 4 to 10—and for their parents who may read its verse to them.

"I'm so tired I just don't know what I'm going to do . . ."

If nobody has said that to you yet today, somebody probably will before

the day is out. Maybe you will say it yourself. The speed, intensity, and terror of the Atomic Age have made us Americans aware of fatigue as never before.

Marguerite Clark, long a top medical writer, tackles the question of *Why So Tired?* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$3.95) in a readable, authoritative little book.

She describes three types of fatigue: pathological, psychological, and physical.

There are chapters on tired types and temperaments, military fatigue, the will to do, the weary woman, the secret of sleep, eating for energy, exercise, pep pills, the new antifatigue chemicals, and how famous folk fight fatigue.

The ability to fall asleep in a matter of seconds, regardless of surroundings, is shared by many of the famous, among them John F. Kennedy, Bob Hope, and Eleanor Roosevelt. Cornell University president Deane W. Malott, who "can't sleep on planes," relies on change of pace to keep himself fresh through a busy schedule. Actress Mary Martin eats small amounts of food six or seven times a day, takes vitamins, exercises daily. Comedian Jerry Lewis uses quick-energy food to keep himself going when he has to work days and nights in a row—then, to recu-

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MY TITLE ISN'T VITAL

*I never make the headlines;
But it's only fair to say,
I sometimes share a spotlight
In a secondhanded way.*

*Right now I am delighted
To be mother of the Queen
Of the Junior High-School Carnival—
(I hope her ears are clean!)*

*We've hatched a football captain too,
I'm known as "Cappy's mom,"
The one who makes the pizzas
And who chaperoned the prom.*

*I'm proud to be the loyal wife
Of "our distinguished brother,"
And thrilled to be the daughter
Of "the most outstanding mother"!*

*In such up-and-doing company,
It is very nice to be,
But sometimes I stop and wonder
Just what became of me?*

—MADELEINE LAEUFER

perate, goes into hiding and sleeps straight through for 48 hours. Olympics decathlon champion Rafer Johnson believes: "You can't let yourself think of being tired when you are training or competing. You can only think of your goal."

You'll find no miracle regimes here for overcoming regular meals and rest, but you may pick up some useful tips along with scientific reasons why you get tired.

The Amidon Elementary School in Washington, D.C., has become one of the most discussed, controversial, perhaps most important developments in the American educational system in recent years.

It is here that a new program of elementary education has been tested. Planner and director **Carl F. Hansen**, Washington superintendent of schools, reports on it in *The Amidon Elementary School* (Prentice-Hall, \$6.95).

An avowed foe of permissive education, Hansen set up an exacting curriculum of basic subjects—reading, composition, mathematics, history, geography, and languages—that places greater demands on the students, and on the teachers.

"Our goal," he writes, "is a self-disciplined personality interested in continuing his education, capable of intelligent decision-making in every aspect of living, and, most importantly, governed in all actions by the highest moral principles."

Critics of the program have called it a "sop to all the reactionary forces afloat." However, a battery of ability and achievement tests given to Amidon students at the end of their first year showed a measured superiority over the national norm. Parents reported marked improvement in their children's mental and emotional attitudes—some even reported having trouble getting their youngsters to bed because they wanted to go on with their homework. The children themselves revealed an almost unanimous enthusiasm for the hard and demanding class and homework assignments.

"When children learn," Dr. Hansen observes, "they are happy."

If I had had teachers like **William H. Glenn** and **Donovan A. Johnson** when I was in school, I am sure mathematics would not be so mysterious to me today. After looking through their *Invitation to Mathematics* (Doubleday, \$4.95), I am convinced of the truth of the statement on the book jacket—that their "intriguing illustrations . . . demonstrate that mathematics can be fun."

An example: Suppose a five-year-old boy travels in space at the speed of light, and returns to earth in 10 years.

How old will he be when he returns? Possibly not 15, as I would have said. The authors explain that according to some interpretations of Einstein's theory of relativity, the lad will be five years old still! The belief is he will not age if he travels as quickly as light.

Over 500 puzzles and problems il-

SPECIAL FOR FAMILIES

Whether you are a young couple, just beginning your marriage, or older and looking forward to retirement, you will find a treasure trove of information on how to live—*well*—within your income in the new revised edition of *Managing Your Money* (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$4.95).

The authors are **J. K. Lasser**, until his recent death considered the foremost U.S. authority on federal income taxes, and financial columnist **Sylvia Porter**. Between them, they have covered just about anything you would want to know about family finance.

I haven't seen the program, but I suspect that this is a subject that will be aired at the Family Life Conference that Methodists will hold in Chicago October 19-21.

illuminate classical and new concepts in mathematics, and the authors examine their practical applications as well. Glenn is mathematics supervisor of the Pasadena, Calif., city schools. Johnson is head of the mathematics department at the University of Minnesota High School. Their book is a shining sample of new teaching approaches being applied to mathematics.

"All we want are the facts, ma'am."

I was reminded that The Methodist Church has its own very efficient dragnet in the Council on World Service and Finance when the 1962 edition of *The Methodist Fact Book*, published by that agency, appeared on my desk.

Within its paper covers is a staggering wealth of information on Methodism and Methodists gathered together by the council's department of research and statistics. Assembling this material into book form, editor **Douglas Crozier** had the assistance of an advisory committee headed by Don A. Cooke, general secretary and treasurer of the Council on World Service and Finance.

In it, I found that 5 of the 10 biggest Methodist churches in the United States in 1961 were in Texas—Highland Park, Dallas [see *A Big Church Can Be Friendly*, May, page 18]; First Church, Houston; First Church,

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of wrongs; does not
gloat over other men's
sins, but delights in
the truth.*



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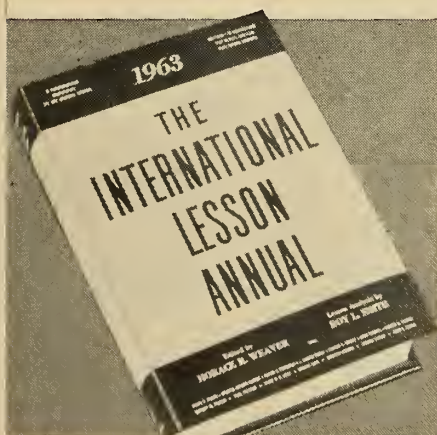
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An average Methodist church would have 252.1 members, a church-school membership of 174.7, and an average Sunday-morning worship attendance of 93.1.

The book, published by the Council on World Service and Finance, sells for \$1.50.

The 12 men Jesus called to be his disciples selected one of their number to handle the money necessary for their material needs. From that time until the present day, the church has had to obtain money for her program.

Presbyterian minister **Luther P. Powell** traces the story of church support through the ages and discusses what true stewardship means today in *Money and the Church* (Association Press, \$3.75). Reading it should not be limited to ministers and stewardship and finance chairmen. It is a lively, readable book.

And it says some very frank things about contemporary giving: "A man may decide either to accept or to reject Jesus Christ. But, once he has accepted Christ, it is not for him to decide whether or not he will be a steward, for he becomes a steward when he becomes a Christian. He may be a good steward or he may be a poor steward; nevertheless, he *is* a steward. He has been entrusted with the gospel of Jesus Christ and has been given the gift of eternal life, and it is high calling to share this gift with others."

One of the evidences of vitality that is showing up here and there around Methodism is the growth of local church histories. A case in point is *Methodist Trails to First Methodist Church, Tulsa*, by Mrs. J. O. Misch (Tulsa Printing Co., \$3).

This has special interest for anyone concerned not only with Methodism, but Indian lore. Methodists have quite a record for Indian mission work, and nowhere is it more outstanding than in Oklahoma.

Fellow members of the Highland Park Methodist Church, in Dallas, Texas, know **Ermance Rejebian** as a civic leader and a talented book reviewer and lecturer. In *Testament of Faith* (Cokesbury Regional Service Center, Dallas, Texas, \$1.50) we find her as a child of Armenian parents living in the brutal Ottoman Empire.

The little book speaks of her father's great love for and faith in the America he was never to see. And it tells how he sent her away from Turkey because there was no future, no hope, no security for Armenians in the land of her birth. Her journey led her first to England, with friends of the family, then, 18 months later, on to the United States

to live with her newly married sister.

"You may search the annals of history long and diligently, but nowhere will you find a country whose flesh and bones were made up of such human yearnings and aspirations," she writes, recalling when, as a 14-year-old, she saw the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor.

Reading, I was reminded of other Armenian-born Americans I know. I don't believe you can find a more passionately patriotic group of Americans anywhere. They know the meaning of both tyranny and freedom better than most people.

If I were a Sunday-school—pardon me, church-school—teacher, I would count lucky the day a brochure called *Those Pioneer Wives, What Women!* dropped into my hands.

It's rich in Methodist footnotes to history—for example, the Reeds of the famous Donner Party that fought snowdrifts in the Sierra Nevada Mountains back in 1846 were Methodists; so was Josiah, the philosopher-son of Sarah Elinor Royce, who acquired the first melodion to round the Horn. If this tickles your interest, send 50¢ each for as many copies of the brochure as you want to the author, **Leon F. Loof-bourow**, 3016 Barrett Ave., Richmond, Calif.

The tireless **Harry Golden**, whose talent for underdoggerly helped fill four previous books, observes in the latest that he is glad Madison Avenue came along and took Wall Street off the hook as a hated symbol of wealth. And, he notes, it is the poor boy today who is the conservative, while men of wealth are the great champions of the liberal cause.

You're Entitled (World, \$4) was a favorite phrase of Golden's father in appraising the United States as the land of opportunity, a theme to which Golden himself pays ample tribute.

"A reporter, no sermonizer," as he calls himself, the author suggests having women around to sweep up the cosmic dust in space ships. Without them and French pastry, life would be indeed lonely.

Typical Goldenisms are the Cub Scout pack "which never sees the woods"; concern over having so many TV weather experts when you could just look out the window and see what it's like outside; and the advice never to eat in a restaurant in which you cannot read your newspaper.

On the serious side, he tells the great experience of being a witness for someone being naturalized, and suggests that had the U.S. been more *simpático* and less patronizing with its Latin American neighbors, a tremendous moral force could have been shaped as a model for the world.—BARNABAS

Browsing



in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA,
THE METHODIST CHURCH

I RECEIVED a letter some time ago from a TOGETHER reader who complained about the immorality in some of the books reviewed in this column. She felt that all books reviewed in a family magazine should be fit for family reading. While I do not agree with that point of view, it did make me think of how few books published today fit that category. The few that might be included in this class are usually poorly written and so obviously moralistic that they have no atmosphere of real living.

It made me wonder, too, if families do read books together anymore. I wonder if they find any contemporary novels that are satisfactory. Anyway, the first book I am going to mention comes closer to this standard than any that I have seen for a long time.

WILDERNESS, by Robert Penn Warren (Random House, \$4.95).

This is the story of Adam Rosenzweig, who came to America to join the Union Army and fight for freedom. A Jewish boy brought up in a Bavarian ghetto, he had fled from the anti-Semitism of his native land remembering the example of his father, who had been arrested as a revolutionist and had died with nothing accomplished.

So young Adam resolves to leave the passive waiting for the coming of the Messiah, which his uncle taught, and do something about winning freedom for all men. But he has a crippled foot and cannot get into the army.

This is a heartbreaking story of a man seeking dignity and an opportunity to sacrifice for freedom. It is also a beautiful book, with a vision of the grandeur of the human spirit. In the midst of these centennial years of the Civil War, how fine it is to see that conflict through the eyes of a

lonely, crippled Jewish boy seeking freedom.

THE OLD MEN AT THE ZOO, by Angus Wilson (Viking, \$4.50).

Through the experience of the administrators of the city zoo, Angus Wilson gives a picture of the conquest of Britain. Sometime in the 1970s, the story goes, the British Isles are conquered by a totalitarian power and then, in a little while, freed from it. The intrigues of the administrators of the zoo are plain enough, but the conquest is unreal and about as serious as little boys shooting at each other with water pistols. It would have been a better book if the writer had either made much more of the setting or else eliminated it altogether. Blunders like this are inexcusable when made by authors with the talent of Angus Wilson.

A LONG AND HAPPY LIFE, by Reynolds Price (Atheneum, \$3.95).

Here is a short novel republished in *Harpers* magazine. When I tell you the story you will wonder how it could possibly be important or exciting. It is about a small southern town and a girl in love with a boy who is hardly aware that she is around. There is not a single thing about the lives of any of these people which is important beyond the bounds of their little community. And yet, in this wonderful story are all the issues humanity has to face—which gives the book a biblical quality (by telling the story of one small nation, the Bible tells the story of all mankind).

A Long and Happy Life makes much of the pretentious writing of our time appear as substantial as a child's balloon. A generation that needs to be brought back to the eternal simplicities of everyday living will find in this book the clue to reality and sanity.



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'Something Important'

By SARAH ROSE SKAATES

"The next thing he knew, he heard someone shouting, 'Look! Look here! It's a baby possum!' ... Children were running to look at him."

"MOTHER," said Little Possum one day, "I want to do something important!"

"That's nice," said Mother Possum. She looked kindly at her small son. "That's very nice. But it may be very hard to do. We possums never do anything important. We just live quietly and take lots of naps."

"Just the same, I'm going to do it," said Little Possum, and he scampered away to look for something important to do.

Soon Little Possum came to a persimmon tree. "I know all possums love persimmons," he said. "So I'll pick these persimmons and give them all to my friends. That will be a good thing!"

So Little Possum picked all the persimmons off the tree. But when he took the persimmons to his friends and his family, they all shook their heads.

"No, Little Possum," they said. "These persimmons are green. If we eat them our mouths will pucker and feel funny. Only ripe persimmons that fall to the ground by themselves are good to eat."

Little Possum walked away feeling very sad. Surely there was something important he could do.

"Cheer up, Little Possum," said his mother. "You can hang by your tail."



Let's Make a Pretty Ornament

USE a plastic jar cover for this ornament. Cut out a picture from a greeting card, magazine, or church-school leaflet. Trace around a glass or small tin can so that the picture will fit about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch inside of the plastic cover.

Glue the picture in place, then spread glue all around the inner edge of the cover. Carefully press pieces of popcorn in the glue to make a frame. Many pieces of popcorn look like flowers with yellow centers. Or you may use beads or sequins.

Now, glue a piece of colored yarn to the back of the cover so you can hang it up. Or make a stand by gluing a piece of light cardboard to the back.

This would make a perfect birthday or Christmas gift, or a cheery greeting for a friend who is ill.

—RUTH EVERDING LIBBEY



"What is important about hanging by my tail?" asked Little Possum, very crossly.

His mother thought again. "Well," she said, "you can play dead. That is very important when you need to fool an enemy."

"Every possum can play dead," said Little Possum. "I want to do something that every other possum can't do."

Mother Possum shook her head.

"Then I'm afraid I can't help you," she said. "You will have to find something important to do all by yourself."

Little Possum thought and thought. As he thought he walked. And as he walked he thought.

"Maybe I could rescue someone in danger," he said to himself. But he did not see anyone in danger to rescue.

"Maybe I could build a big tall building," he thought. But how in the world could a possum build a building?

"Maybe I could sing a beautiful song, or paint something pretty," Little Possum thought again. But Little Possum

had no voice at all, and he did not know the first thing about painting.

Still he walked on and on, thinking and thinking.

Little Possum thought so hard he did not look where he was going. The next thing he knew, he heard someone shouting. "Look! Look here! It's a baby possum!"

Little Possum looked around. He had walked right into a town. There were houses and streets on all sides. Children were running to look at him.

Just for a minute Little Possum was afraid, and he started to play dead. Then he remembered. He wanted to do something important—and maybe this was his chance.

"I know," said a boy. "Let's take him to church school."

And before Little Possum knew what was happening, the children picked him up and carried him down the street to their church. There Little Possum did many important things. He taught the children that his gray coat was soft and

fluffy. He showed them that he had hands with five fingers just as they did. When the teacher held out her finger, he wrapped his skinny tail around it so the children could see how well possums hang by their tails.

When the lesson was over the teacher said, "Thank you, Little Possum. We like to learn about God's creatures. And today you have helped us learn about possums."

Little Possum could hardly wait to get home and tell his mother all that had happened.

"Mother!" he shouted. "I did it! I did something important! I did something every other possum has not done! I helped boys and girls learn all about possums!"

Mother Possum gave her little son a big, big hug. "I'm very happy for you," she said.

"We're happy for you, too, Little Possum," said all the other possums.

But no one was any happier than Little Possum himself.

Don't Just Sit There:



One of man's earliest pastimes, whittling, still provides a deep satisfaction.

Make Something!

By HENRY L. NORTON

"DADDY, Bobby's grandfather is whittling a boat. Will you show me how to whittle?"

This question put to me recently by my 10-year-old son, Hank (Henry, Jr.), started me thinking about the old days, before TV and that earlier marvel, network radio. People whiled away their long evenings *making* things.

Now we're back in another big era of creativity at home—and the reasons aren't too dissimilar—but instead of beginning things from scratch, we're more likely to buy a kit of partially developed materials and make something more elaborate.

Instead of tatting tablecloths or whittling salad forks, we're creating mosaic tabletops or tooled-copper picture frames to restore confidence in ourselves after being subjected all day to the pressures and tensions of a too routine life in a too busy world.

(As telegraph editor for the *Wichita Evening Eagle and Beacon*, and adult-division superintendent at St. Paul's Methodist church school in Wichita—I'm familiar with tension!)

In the old days, nearly every woman was expert at some kind of fancywork—embroidering, crocheting, knitting, rug braiding, or needlepoint. The modern woman may know how to do these things, but she is more likely to be found painting a landscape (or a paint-by-number set), creating her own jewelry, or embedding ferns, flowers, and butterflies in laminated plastic for an expensive-appearing screen.

Once every man had a basement, garage, or barn workshop where he turned out useful items and toys with

hand tools—perhaps the jackknife. Now we're more likely to be putting together a sailboat or a hi-fi—you can buy household gadgets cheaper.

The word "necessity" has been partially removed from our creativity, but more and more people are discovering the satisfaction of making things to enrich their lives—at home, at church, and in personal friendships.

Among the first projects we tried in the Norton household was the ancient art of mosaic tiling. Hank, and our other sons, Preston, 12, and Charles, 14, helped me cover a box with tiles from a multicolored assortment as a Christmas gift for their mother, Mary Dorothy. We worked out the monogram MDN on the lid. We then graduated to trays, tabletops, hot-dish trivets, shallow bowls, and ashtrays, using our own simple designs.

We discovered that some kits contained metal or plastic bases for some creations, such as trivets, and that hobby shops sell these components separately. We also discovered that creating a picture was more complicated than a modernistic design, but that we could make a wall plaque with a picture.

Some hobbyists create truly unique church furnishings—remember the ceramic panels and carved-tile cross made by the Kenneth Huth family of Cicero, Ill., and pictured in *TOGETHER* |September, 1961, page 2|?

We read about a church school in California whose pupils created a mosaic mural using not only tile but also fragments of crockery, shells, stones, marbles, and pieces of old jewelry.

After you've mastered the basic mo-

saic technique, which is simply to glue ceramic or glass tiles in place with a strong, all-purpose cement and fill the cracks between the tiles with plaster-like grout, you may want to use your imagination on selecting other materials. One packager includes both glass and stone gems, plus beads, a few tiles, and some metallic braid for pictures of unusual richness.

We know an artist here in the Kansas wheat country who works out textured designs in natural and dyed wheat kernels and wheat straw. Other seeds and grains can be similarly used; or you could use bits of colored paper, shellacking the finished picture for more permanency.

Another craft hobby we've experimented with at the ménage Norton is candlemaking. Our boys and I have turned out a number of spiral tapers, getting color gradations by varying the amount of melted crayon in each dipperful as we poured the wax. It was messy, but fun.

A Woman's Society of Christian Service circle might make money selling candles of unusual shapes, colors, and decorations. Molds are obtainable in various shapes and sizes, including novelties such as snowmen, Santa Claus, and Easter chicks.

Safety candles for altar use (as in a chapel) can be made by pouring the wax into deep tumblers.

But let me caution anyone who undertakes such a project to count the cost carefully before pricing them.

Basketmaking—no longer as stylish as it once was—is a creative hobby we first became involved with through

Name Your Hobby

Mary Dorothy's church-school class.

Last Thanksgiving, her class of third-graders made a large basket, filled it with fruit, and delivered it to a family of shut-ins.

Lengths of reed are crisscrossed till they look like the spokes of a wheel to form the bottom. Then other reeds are woven around the base.

Mary Dorothy also got us involved with plastercraft. When she was a den mother, her Cub Scouts once made Nativity-scene figures of plaster of paris. They used rubber molds, then decorated them with tempera and enamel paints.

Art stores stock molds in hundreds of sizes and shapes. Or, you can make your own (if you want to reproduce a sculptured object, for instance) by brushing on liquid rubber and allowing it to set. And, by using special stains, plaster objects can be made to resemble carved wood.

Maybe you've seen plastic panels in which decorative objects were embedded. This used to involve pouring liquid plastic, to which a hardener had been added, over design elements—ferns, glitter, leaves, seaweed, butterflies, or other objects which had been arranged on a plastic fiber mat.

Now decorative objects can be arranged on a bed of plastic granules, covered with more plastic bits, and the whole baked in an oven. Also, grains of colored plastic can be arranged in designs and baked together.

Last Christmas, we made tree ornaments by combining plain and colored plastic crystals with other objects in odd-shaped molds.

Our sons enjoyed the ever-marvelous sight of powdered glass, sprinkled on copper shapes, darkening, changing color, and finally glowing in a glass-topped electric kiln. It's called copper enameling and makes distinctive jewelry. Taken out of the kiln to cool, the enamel again darkens discouragingly, then finally recovers its original hue and even new brilliance. With a larger kiln, you can enamel small copper dishes or trays. And designs can be created by using successive coats of glaze, or glass chunks and threads.

Another project my wife's weekday church-school sixth-graders enjoyed was copper tooling. They embossed praying hands on thin sheets of copper with a hard-lead pencil. Backed with soft cotton and placed on cardboard, these made long-lasting plaques to take home.

The list of possibilities in the creative crafts—and ones we hope to investigate as time permits—could go on and on. There is silversmithing, marblecraft, ceramics, textile painting, loom weaving, gemcraft, and on and on. And on. They are all creative, all satisfying, all available to you. If you're bored or tense, try one.

AVIATION: Shelby B. Hagberg, RFD 1, Carroll, Iowa (periodicals, pieces of old planes).

BIRDS: Mrs. B. Johnson, 3448 Hampshire Ave. N., Minneapolis 27, Minn. (identification, migration).

BRaille TRANSCRIBING: Mrs. James Ballard, 1127 Mathewson Ave., Wichita 14, Kans.

BUTTONS: Mrs. L. A. Spurrier, Maple St., Box 108, Duncan Falls, Ohio.

CHess BY MAIL: William Lathan, 2937 Hickam Dr., Kansas City 4, Kans.

CHURCH BULLETINS: Martha Gleaves, Oakland Ave., N., Mount Juliet, Tenn.

DOGS: Linda Counselman, RD 1, Franklin, Pa.

EARRINGS: Mrs. Lucille E. Vunderink, 6320 Royalwood Rd., North Royalton 33, Ohio.

EMBLEMS: Bob George, 3414 Havenbrook, St. Louis 14, Mo. (Boy Scout).

GENEALOGY: Ann Foster Ellis, 2235 Norwalk Ave., Los Angeles 41, Calif. (Foster, Greenlee); Mrs. Betty Gleaves, R. 2, Mount Juliet, Tenn. (McAnally, Rose, Baskerville, Gleaves, May); Mrs. Francis Walton, Browning, Ill. (Johns, Walton, Marsh, Huddleson, Mansfield, Waters, Noonan, DeBaun, Fish, Geer); Mrs. D. R. Buechel, 19021 Schuster Ave., Castro Valley, Calif. (Hebb, Muck, Bissett, Buechel, Fishers of Md.); Mrs. Harvey J. Lowc, 1181 Evansdale Ave., Newark, Ohio (Low, McKinney, Stryker); Mrs. J. W. Jones, Waverly Hall, Ga. (Exum, Mott, Pack, Broome, Lucy, Summers).

Mrs. J. R. Hodgins, R. 2, Brown's Summit, N.C. (Hodgins, Ward, Erwin, May, Lewis, Curtis, Melloway, Chilcutt, Bernie); Mrs. Herman R. Carson, 708 N. McKinley St., Muncie, Ind. (Patton, Patten, Murray, Kelly, Kelley, Sparrow, Farlin, Dorwin, Darwin, Brownson, Dunning, Brooks); Rev. Herman R. Carson, 708 N. McKinley St., Muncie, Ind. (Zink, Zinck, Sink, Dickerman, Beecher, Penn, Sloan, Carsonne, Carsen, Karsen); Robert H. Swenson, Box 616, Colfax, Wash. (Southmayd).

Mrs. Gaylord Frantz, 4761 Ave. 224, Tulare, Calif. (Frantz, Puckett, Fox, Winger, Zug, Brubaker, Flora, Ohmart, Flick, Gillispie, Grisso); Mrs. J. Leroy White, 34 Walnut St., Sussex, N.J. (Decker, Watkins, Crowell, Richey, Halsted, Likens); Mrs. Don L. Reynolds, R. 1, O'Boyle Lane, St. Paul Park, Minn. (Tiffany, Getman, Reynolds).

GRADUATION ANNOUNCEMENTS: Wilbur Kirby, R. 1, Burning Springs, W.Va. (collecting).

HANDKERCHIEFS: Mrs. Lillian Arnold, 4219 Saratoga St., New Orleans 15, La.

HISTORY: B. H. Oesterreich, Woodbine, Kans. (writing and reading).

HORSES: Shirley Counselman, RD 1, Franklin, Pa.; Marjorie Rowland, 8723 W. Montana Ave., West Allis 19, Wis. (China); Susan Hull, 1019 N. Lafayette St., Shelby, N.C. (riding); Gloria Rothacher, R. 4, New Philadelphia, Ohio (riding and reading about).

MAGAZINE CLIPPINGS: Richard F. Cushing, Box 1522, Waterbury 20, Conn.

MUSIC: Paul Kemp, 811 Northwest 15th Ave., Miami 35, Fla. (trumpet).

NAMES: Mrs. John Bartlett, Jr., 1875 E. 17th St., Idaho Falls, Idaho (Boy Scout Councils only).

PENCILS: Bobby Parks, New Church, Va.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS: Lonnie Ray Ross, 316 Dunning St., El Dorado, Ark.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Mary L. Davis, R. 3, Jackson, Tenn.

PLATES: Mrs. Loran Hopple, R. 1, Republic, Ohio (state souvenir).

POSTCARDS: Dorothy Ballowe, 30 Ruta Court, South Hackensack, N.J.; Sandra Birch, 201 Van Sant Ave., Linwood, N.J.; Marie L. Jordan, 2814 N. 26th St., Philadelphia 32, Pa.

READING: Henry Worthington, Section 1, V.A. Hospital, Mountain Home, Tenn.

ROCKS: Robert Earl Gibson, 1318 D. Ave., El Dorado, Ark.

SOAP: Mrs. Martha Witt, 207 Hamilton Ave., Ballinger, Texas (miniature bars).

STAMPS: Howard W. Cantwell, 2907 Hiss Ave., Baltimore 14, Md.; Robert G. and Mary Dasse, 20 Franklin St., Apt. 3, Meriden, Conn. (U.S. and foreign); Jean Gabriel, Matherbes St., Curepipe, Mauritius; Joan Rutz, R. 1, Box 80, Woodstock, Va.; Bill Simpson, Box 278, Bethune, S.C.; Jim Toy III, 1603 Greenmount, Rockford, Ill.; Joachim Wilke, Schwarze Pumpe, Wohnlager 1, Haus 4, East Germany.

PEN PALS (open to age 18): Lori Johnson (15), 1506 Half Day Rd., Highland Park, Ill.; Carolyn Harris (11), 718 Burlington, York, Nebr.; Debbie A. Mings (11), 523 W. Mechanic St., Shelbyville, Ind.; Ann Muir (15), Box 96, Beaver Crossing, Nebr.; Cheryl Bailey (11), Box 124, Swatara, Minn.; Myrlah Olson (10), RFD 2, Clinton, Minn.; Mory R. Conkling (11), 1110 Washington St., Valparaiso, Ind.; Bashiru A. Kasali (17), 14 Gdunmota Lane, Lagos, Nigeria.

Dorian Spangenberg (10), 33 Chenango St., Oxford, N.Y.; Karin Erickson (16), 1507 S. Fairview, Park Ridge, Ill.; Patty Barnett (11), 5235 Lanai St., Long Beach 8, Calif.; Karen Clousel (14), 4061 Lewer, Memphis, Tenn.; Roger Stewart (15), RR 2, Box 20, Union City, Ind.; Deborah Smith (9), 26 Mount Vernon St., Dover, N.H.

Morusua Awofolu (18), 1 Pedro St., Lagos, Nigeria; Joy Sunken (12), 1498 Wright Ave., Sunnyvale, Calif.; Kristine Robinson (10), 618 N. Chestnut St., Barnesville, Ohio; Sharon Garman (14), RFD 1, Archbold, Ohio; Barbie Harrison (13), RD 4, Pinewood Lane, Ballston Spa, N.Y.

Judy Clanton (18), 619 Moody St., Shelbyville, Tenn. (foreign countries); Lynda Livingston (11), 36 Mount Vernon St., Dover, N.H.; Drakeson Ori (16), 3 A Glover St., Lagos, Nigeria; Rebecca Fox (16), 32194 Rd. 156, Visalia, Calif.; Sherry Guyton (14), RR, Box 1 B, Alger, Ohio; Mack Robbins (17), Box 547, Mansfield, La.

Marilyn K. Ling (17), R. 1, Danville, Ohio; Linda Forbes (12), 403 McArthur, Elk City, Okla.; Mary E. Norvell (15), Box 203, Wartrace, Tenn.; Barbara Schlegelmilch (17), 39 Locust Ave., Rockville Centre, N.Y.; Lynette Wilder (16), 454 S. Recreation, Fresno 2, Calif.; Connie Vaught (9), R. 4, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Stephanie S. Frederick (14), RR 1, Forest, Ohio; Rosihan (16), 15 Hang Djebat I—Blok F 2, Kebajoran, Djakarta, Indonesia; Marsha Bennett (9), Box 212, Westfield, Ill.; Paul Lockyer (10), 3166 Weston St., Philadelphia 36, Pa.; Nancy A. McGary (16), Maplewood Rd., Medfield, Mass.

Carol Voge (17), R. 1, Bertha, Minn.; Connie Brower (15), 804 W. 3rd St., Marion, Ind.; Le Ardis Post (16), R. 1, Rushville, Nebr.; Carol S. Byrd (13), 7388 Sandalwood Dr., Indianapolis 27, Ind.

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Please be patient if your entry is missing. Just keep watching; we won't forget. But . . . if you haven't yet sent us your name, and would like to, just write to Hobby Editor, TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. Just one hobby to each letter, please!—EDS.



How do you judge a hymn? By singing it, of course! And it's work at which these Methodists excel. Left to right . . .

Once in a generation—

A NEW Hymnal Is BORN

"YOU'RE trying to do something that is impossibly democratic!"

The amazed visitor was watching Methodism's Hymnal Committee in action. Between full-throated outbursts of song, the committee members listened to reports, discussed vigorously, thumbed thoughtfully through stacks of reference material—and voted. The hymns they were selecting will make up a proposed new hymnal for 10 million Methodists. As one member of the group put it: "Some people may question our judgments, but they can hardly doubt the sincerity of our efforts."

This is as it should be. Methodists traditionally take their music seriously, and no music was dearer to the heart of the church's founder than congregational singing. Not only did John Wesley and his brother Charles write many new hymns, John also edited hymnals, issued instructions on rudiments of singing, and repeatedly urged his preachers to inspire and teach the people to sing. The efforts succeeded, of course, and Methodists still consider themselves a "singing people."

Now in the third year of their travail, the 29 church leaders who are voting members of the Hymnal Committee will bring forth the fruit of their labors shortly before the next General Conference. That body, Methodism's highest authority, will decide on adoption of the new book at its 1964 sessions in Pittsburgh.

Revision of the hymnal was authorized by the 1960 General Conference in Denver, with primary responsibility assigned to the Commission on Worship. Bishop Edwin E. Voigt of the Illinois Area is general chairman, and Dr. Earl E. Harper, director of the school of fine arts at the State University of Iowa, is chairman of the executive-editorial committee. The Rev. Carlton R. Young, director of church music for the Methodist

Publishing House, is the hymnal editor. Besides its 29 voting members, the committee has involved at least 40 other persons in its work.

Beginning with a grass-roots survey of local pastors and district superintendents early in 1961, the committee has combed, sifted, researched, read, played, hummed, and sung its way through thousands of words and tunes from all branches of worldwide Christendom. Resource materials have included about 85 recently published hymnals of other denominations, more than 2,000 manuscripts submitted by interested amateur and professional musicians, and many historic collections of Christian hymnody—notably Charles Wesley's complete works of some 6,500 hymn texts. Starting point for all the studies, of course, was the current version of *The Methodist Hymnal*, published in 1935 as a joint effort of the three branches of Methodism before their reunification in 1939.

Just how does the Hymnal Committee plan to please 10 million Methodists with a new hymnbook? The members are realistic. They know that not every Methodist will agree with every decision they make. Some will object that a personal favorite among the old hymns has been eliminated, others may not care at first for new and unfamiliar selections. But committee members believe the variety of hymns, old and new, will allow congregations across the church to satisfy their worship needs.

Three subcommittees are working on separate phases of the new hymnal's preparation: texts, tunes, and psalter-ritual. Meetings of the full committee and the subgroups bring members together for as long as a full week of arduous night-and-day consultation and study, most often at Chicago's mammoth Conrad Hilton Hotel. The session pictured on these pages was typical.

Tucked away in a 14th-floor room normally reserved



James Houghton, Dr. Earl Harper, Bishop Noah Moore, Dr. Will Hildebrand, Dean Virgil Eady, and Dr. Amos Thornburg.

Wherever the committee meets, the "library" goes along—and after two years of meetings, its volumes are well-thumbed. Here Carlton Young, hymnal editor, is checking a reference during deliberations.



Before any vote is taken, committee members study each verse of every hymn, considering both poetic beauty and theological relevance for Methodists.





Dr. Henry M. Bullock, a Board of Education representative, arrives for a meeting with evidence of subcommittee work.

for hotel-staff training courses, committee members attack their task with vigor. On the same floor is the hotel employees' cafeteria, and music-loving bellhops, waitresses, and chambermaids frequently linger in the hall, appreciatively eavesdropping on the robust singing which issues from the meeting room. Though debates are always amicable, not all committee decisions are unanimous. One exchange moved an exasperated member to exclaim: "This crowd would not have adopted the Declaration of Independence!"

As yet, all decisions are tentative, and no report will be made public until 90 days before the 1964 General Conference when the recommendations will be placed in the hands of conference delegates. Until then, the church has the committee's assurance that Methodism's new hymnal will be a dynamic, balanced book of quality, reflecting the church as it is—and "pointing to what, under Christ, the church ought to become."



Coatless and playing the piano standing up, Dr. Austin Lovelace, head of the tunes committee, leads the group in trying a new melody.



The hotel provides scratch pads for notes—and intricate doodles.

An early American Methodist hymnal, published in 1821, has yielded many treasured texts which appear in no other American hymnal.

But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks, and loves his image there.

Redeeming Love.] HYMN 265. 4 line 7:

1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man the well-belov'd of heaven.

2 Sov'reign Father, heavenly King
Thou we now presume to sing
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

Hail, by all thy works ador'd





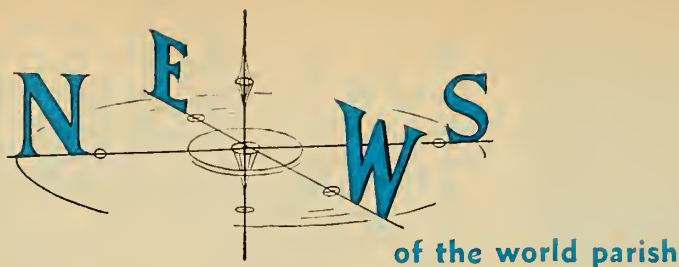
On a "busman's lunch hour," three members try hymn tunes on the organ at Chicago Temple (First Methodist Church). That's Dr. Austin Lovelace at the console, with Dr. James Houghton (left), and Robert Hammond.



Browsing in Chicago's new Cokesbury store, committee members Warren Bugbee, Charles Hempstead, and Robert Hammond linger at a music display.

Waiting for business to resume, Mrs. Floyd Rigg gleans hometown news. Only woman on the committee, she is the widow of a Missouri circuit rider.





WANTED: MORE MISSIONARIES IN CENTRAL CONGO

A call for more Methodist missionaries has been issued by the Central Congo Annual Conference. The conference asked for the return of missionaries who were evacuated during the heat of the fighting early last year between the Congo government and Katanga forces.

Six missionaries, who already have been reassigned to the Central Congo, attended the conference which was held at Tunda, Republic of the Congo. Other missionaries are returning in September, according to Dr. C. Melvin Blake, the Methodist Board of Missions' executive secretary for Africa.

Some 50 or more missionaries have gone back to the Southern Congo. Although none were evacuated from there, many were on furlough during the trouble and did not return at the time.

During the absence of Central Congo missionaries, Methodist clinics, hospitals, and schools continued to function under African supervision. Bishop Newell S. Booth of the Elisabethville Area, after touring the Central Congo missions earlier this year, said he found facilities in excellent condition and programs functioning normally.

Meanwhile, an upsurge of interest in the ministry as a vocation is reported in Southern Rhodesia.

"Indeed," said Bishop Ralph E. Dodge of Salisbury, "we can say that, in spite of the unsettled political climate in Rhodesia, there never has been such an interest in the Christian church on the part of young people as there is at the present time."

Bishop Dodge said that the Rhodesia Conference formerly considered itself fortunate if two young men applied for the ministry in a year. Today, he added, 28 men are in some phase of ministerial training.

The 1962 annual conference in Mozambique had to proceed without Bishop Dodge because Portuguese authorities refused to grant him a tourist visa for that country. Bishop Dodge said that this was the first time in 25 years such a visa had not been granted him by the Portuguese. He also is waiting for a visa to visit Angola. He requested it nearly a year ago.

In 1948, when Bishop Dodge was a missionary to Angola, he applied for

authorization to open a mission in the rural country of Northern Angola. He has had no word on this, either.

Bishop Dodge said that he thinks this is another example of discrimination against Protestants, especially Americans.

No Discrimination in Schools, Moscoso Tells Together

"The Colombian government has assured us that it will observe constitutional guarantees on religious freedom," Alliance for Progress Director Teodoro Moscoso told TOGETHER in an exclusive interview.

Some Protestant leaders in Colombia and the United States have been critical of a \$40-million loan agreement to further education in a country where the schools are under direct supervision of Roman Catholic authorities having the power to reject any textbook, discharge or promote teachers, and withhold approval for any private school to operate.

The so-called mission territories, comprising about 80 percent of Colom-

bia (an area as large as the New England and Middle Atlantic states combined), are administered under a special treaty with the Vatican.

In the last 12 years, some 200 Protestant schools have been forced to close. Widespread persecution of Protestants—including more than 100 killed because of their faith—has been reported there.

Mr. Moscoso told TOGETHER that he had been assured that Protestant children now will be admitted to all schools concerned with the Alliance program. The program, however, is not being put into effect in the mission territories.

Near Tragedy Brings Heroism

A Methodist captain in the U.S. Air Force nearly lost his life in preventing his disabled jet fighter from crashing in a French village.

As a result of the heroism of Capt. John P. Bolinger of Warren, Ind., and that of three Frenchmen who saved him from what appeared to be certain death after the crash, a chain reaction of good will has been set up between the captain's home town and St. Marcel, France.

A fuel supply failure during exercises caused the pilot's F84F plane to lose altitude over the French village. In a last-ditch effort, he swerved his craft away from the town and crashed in a field 600 yards from the public square.

Three farmers—Marcel Fortune, his son, Paul, and Maurice Choquet—rushed to the burning plane and carried the injured captain to safety only four minutes before it exploded.



Surrounded by African children are Nelson Price (left), producer, and Wesley Adams, photographer-editor of the Methodist Television, Radio,

and Film Commission's new film See All the People. They are shown at Tshala near Kolwezi, Katanga (Congo). The film now is available.

The Air Force European Command honored the three Frenchmen and the French village honored Capt. Bolinger.

A special plaque of appreciation and friendship has been sent by the Kiwanis Club of Warren to the people of St. Marcel.

Capt. Bolinger, his wife, and their four children are active members of the Warren Methodist Church.

Capt. Bolinger, recovering from his injuries, is expected to be released this month from the Air Force hospital at Chanute Field, Ill.

Protestant Clergy Cited as Outspoken Foes of Communism

Protestant clergymen have been among the most outspoken, determined, and effective opponents of communism, said William C. Sullivan, assistant director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

"Much credit should be given to them," said the FBI aide, "for successful resistance to communism despite all the time, money, and efforts Communists have made to propagandize and influence the clergy."

Speaking to the Methodist South-eastern Jurisdiction Laymen's Conference, Sullivan said that "nothing could be more remote from the truth" than the "absurd accusations" that American Protestantism has been extensively infiltrated by communism.

Fight communism, he urged the laymen, by correcting social conditions, such as discrimination, poverty, disease, and illiteracy, which cause it to grow.

Meanwhile, the 40-member Methodist Board of Lay Activities has lashed out at groups that seek to undermine the ministry and divide the church by alleging that communism is infiltrating religious bodies.

In a strongly worded resolution, the board declared its belief that "the churches are the greatest bulwark against communism in America today."

Methodist Anniversary

Methodists are being asked to observe the 178th anniversary of the founding of The Methodist Church in America.

The Association of Methodist Historical Societies suggests that the anniversary of the 1784 Christmas Conference in Baltimore, Md., be observed on Sunday, January 6, 1963.

Extensive plans are being made also for observances throughout 1963 of the 225th anniversary of John Wesley's Aldersgate experience. Aldersgate Day is May 24, 1963.

The resolution further stated, "We as Methodist laymen believe in the integrity and sincerity of our district superintendents, our bishops, and other ministers, whose character is passed upon at regular intervals by duly constituted church bodies."

Debut of Methodist History

A new magazine, *Methodist History*, will be published in October by the Association of Methodist Historical Societies. The 64-page quarterly will be both popular and scholarly in content and will deal with Methodist history in all lands, but especially in America.

Dr. Elmer T. Clark, executive secretary of the association, said that there has never been such a publication, although one has been under discussion for more than 20 years.

The editorial board includes: Bishop T. Otto Nall, Dr. Clark, Albea Godbold, Jacob S. Payton, Leland D. Case, and Emory S. Bucke.

Subscriptions are \$2 per year and may be secured from the association at Lake Junaluska, N.C.

Unique Girls Organization

A new organization for girls, 12 to 16 years old, is being sponsored by the Woman's Society of Christian Service at First Methodist Church, La Fayette, Ala. The Paulas, as the group is known, was organized on October 3, 1961 for the purpose of putting Christ first in each girl's life.

The girls take charge of the nursery each Sunday morning and are the church's Communion stewards.

Recently, the Paulas placed memorial lights in the belfry's stained-glass windows to call attention of passersby to the house of God. Donations received from the memorial lights are to be used toward educating a missionary. The lights will burn, when requested, for christenings, weddings, and in memory of loved ones.

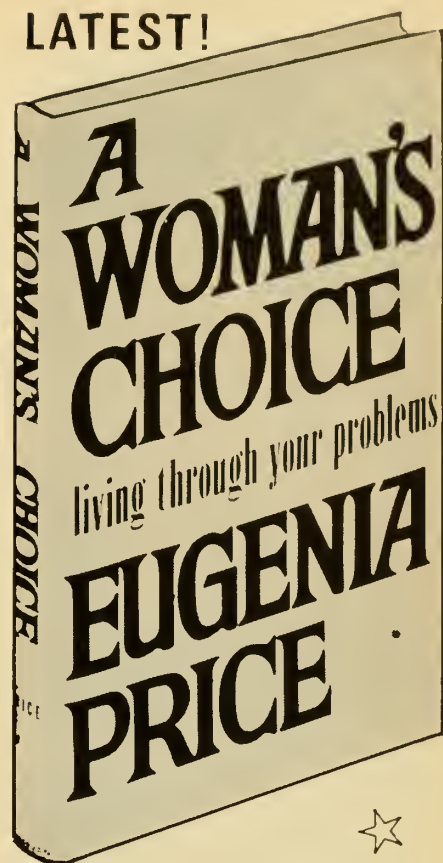
The Paulas' programs are patterned after the Woman's Society, but at meetings the girls address each other as "sister" as in Saint Paul's time.

Dr. Quimby Retires—Again

Dr. Karl K. Quimby, Ridgewood, N.J., has retired for a second time. He recently took terminal leave from his public-relations post with the American Bible Society. In 1958, he retired from the Methodist Board of Missions after 17 years as director of the department of missionary education.

Even in retirement, Dr. Quimby will continue as editor of the *John Milton Sunday School Quarterly*, which serves 3,000 blind church-school teachers. He also will serve as a director of Religion in American Life, and of Goodwill Industries of New Jersey, a

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member of the National Council of Churches' British-American committee on exchange preachers, and secretary of Bible Lands Services, a new organization for service to Christian causes in the Middle East.

Favors New Church Merger

A 93-year-old Oklahoma City, Okla., Methodist who was active in the 25-year effort to reunite the northern and southern branches of The Methodist Church,



Mr. Clark

favors the proposal for a four-way Protestant merger.

B. C. Clark further adds that the proposed union of the United Church of Christ, The Methodist Church, Protestant Episcopal Church, and United Presby-

terian Church in the USA would help to consolidate work in small towns and would increase foreign mission effectiveness.

Clark was the oldest delegate at the recent Oklahoma Annual Conference. He has attended every Methodist conference in the former Indian Territory and Oklahoma since 1895 and every national quadrennial meeting since 1912.

Would Counteract Ruling

Methodist Bishop Fred Pierce Corson has urged ministers of the Philadelphia Annual Conference to use "every legitimate measure" to counter the U.S. Supreme Court ruling which held unconstitutional the regents-composed prayer used in New York public schools.

He warned the public "not to be deceived by comments that the ban is only on prayer made official by a government agency." The decision "opens the door still wider for the complete secularization of American life," he added. "It is also full of ambiguities."

Bishop Corson suggested that the conference's Council on Public Relations give wide circulation to the minority opinion of Justice Potter Stewart.

Justice Stewart opposed the majority's stand that New York State had established an "official religion." "I cannot see how an 'official religion' is established," the justice said, "by letting those who want to say a prayer say it. On the contrary, I think that to deny the right of these school children to join in reciting this prayer is to deny them the opportunity of sharing in the spiritual heritage of our nation."

Bishop Corson urged that Congress be petitioned to support legislation per-

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WMC Names Three Observers To Second Vatican Council

The World Methodist Council's Executive Committee has named three delegate-observers and six alternates to the Second Vatican Council which opens in Rome on October 11.

Delegate-observers named are: Bishop Fred Pierce Corson of Philadelphia, Pa., WMC president; Dr. Albert C. Outler of Dallas, Texas, professor at Perkins School of Theology; and Dr. Harold Roberts of Richmond, Surrey, England, WMC immediate past president.

The six alternates are: Dr. Franz Hildebrandt, Madison, N.J.; Dr. Robert E. Cushman, Durham, N.C.; the Rev. Max Woodward, London, England; The Rev. Reginald Kissack, Rome, Italy, liaison between new independent Methodist Church of Italy and British Methodism; Dr. Lee F. Tuttle, Lake Junaluska, N.C., WMC American secretary; and the Rev. Philip A. Potter, London, England.

Concerning the Vatican Council, Augustin Cardinal Bea has said that although the council is not directly intended as a council of union, its main ecumenical task will be to "prepare for an eventual union . . . by bettering relations between [Roman] Catholics and non-Catholics." He is president of the Vatican secretariat for promoting Christian unity.

Cardinal Bea said he hoped that the coming council "will pave the way toward greater union by resolving certain problems that presently impede Christian unity."

There is no question of seeking compromises from the Roman Catholic Church in the realm of dogma, the cardinal said, but this doctrinal intransigence does not mean closing the door to steps the Vatican Council might make in furthering doctrinal union with the separate churches.



Bishop Fred P. Corson (left) of Philadelphia, Pa., and Dr. Harold Roberts of Surrey, England, have been named as delegate-observers to the Vatican Council by the WMC.

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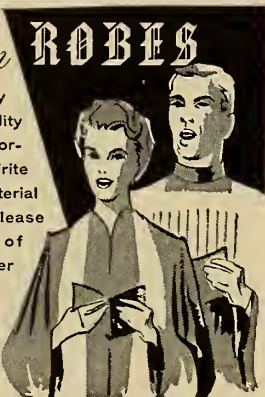
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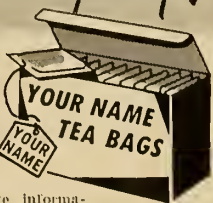
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UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

OCTOBER

- 1-3—Meeting of the Commission on Worship and the Hymnal Committee, Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago.
- 2-4—Annual meeting Council on World Service and Finance, Philadelphia, Pa.
- 7—Worldwide Communion Sunday.
- 9-12—Meeting of Interdivision Committee on Foreign Work, Board of Missions, New York City.
- 12-15—National Interdenominational School of Alcohol Studies, Columbus, Ohio.
- 14-15—Annual meeting of Interboard Committee on Christian Vocations, Nashville, Tenn.
- 16-17—Meeting of University Senate of The Methodist Church, Nashville, Tenn.
- 16-18—National Convocation on Town and Country Churches (NCC), Ames, Iowa.
- 19-21—Fourth National Methodist Conference on Family Life, Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago.
- 21—Laymen's Day and World Order Sunday.
- 21-27—Churchmen's Week.
- 24—United Nations Day.
- 28—Reformation and World Temperance Sunday.
- 31—Annual meeting Board of Publication of The Methodist Church, New York City.
- 31—Reformation Day.

Approve Four-Way Merger

Four Atlantic City, N.J., Methodist churches have authorized a merger which will form two churches by October 1, and eventually a single congregation.

In the first stage, Christ Church and St. Paul's Church will become Christ-St. Paul's Church, using St. Paul's building. First and Central Churches will become First-Central Church, using Central's site.

Two lay representatives from each church will select a site for a central city church for the combined congregations.

Methodist Bishop Fred Pierce Corson of Philadelphia, Pa., said, "Our Methodist people in Atlantic City have acted with vision and concern for a more effective ministry."

Methodists Active in Cuba

Cuban Methodists are doing "a tremendous job" and are still free to conduct worship services, said Methodist Bishop James W. Henley after a 10-day, 1,500-mile tour of Cuba.

"Times are hard, food is rationed," said Bishop Henley, "but the spirit of Methodists remains high."

(He returned home with a light suitcase, having given all his clothes—except what he wore—to needy Cubans.)

Bishop Henley reported that the ap-

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proximately 200 Methodist congregations still intact are served by 25 ministers and 41 men and women lay preachers. He said that 22 Methodist ministerial students are scheduled to enroll this fall at the Protestant seminary in Matanzas. This will be a record high.

Although Methodists number about 10,000—a decrease of 600—in Cuba, Bishop Henley said that actually this represents a membership gain because many former members are refugees in the United States.

Bishop Henley declined to comment on Cuba's political situation, explaining that he hopes his first trip will pave the way for regular visits.

Assign Cuban Refugee Pastor

The Rev. Alberto Rodriguez, who fled Havana with his family, now is pastor of three churches near Mount Airy, N.C. He was appointed by the Western North Carolina Annual Conference.

Broad Street Methodist Church, Statesville, N.C., sponsored Mr. Rodriguez, who was associated with a Methodist church in Havana for 23 years.

Russians Want In WCC

Five Russian churches have asked for membership in the World Council of Churches.

The council's 100-member Central Committee has under advisement applications from the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Latvia; Armenian Apostolic Church; Evangelical Lutheran Church of Estonia; Georgian Or-

CENTURY CLUB

Seven Methodists who have had 100 or more birthdays are being added to TOGETHER's Century Club this month. They are:

Elmer Angell, 101, Providence, R.I.

J. R. Hanna, 101, Longmont, Colo.

Mrs. Minnie Faxon, 100, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Mrs. A. D. Hayes, 100, New London, Iowa.

Miss Elizabeth Hicks, 100, Winona, Minn.

Mrs. Emma Highfield, 100, Avalon, N.J.

Amos Alonzo Stagg, 100, Stockton, Calif.

Other Methodists who have reached or passed 100 years will be listed as they are received. Please allow two months for publication.

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BY THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA-ARIZONA Conference Historical Society: Edward D. Jervay's History of Methodism in Southern California and Arizona. This book follows the work of the two branches of the church in Western United States, from the earliest appointments of preachers to the Southland by The Methodist Conference in 1853, and by The Methodist Church South in 1854. The book is highly recommended by Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy. Price \$3.50. We pay postage. Order from Conference Historical Society, 5250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles 29, California. Orders from California must include 14¢ sales tax.

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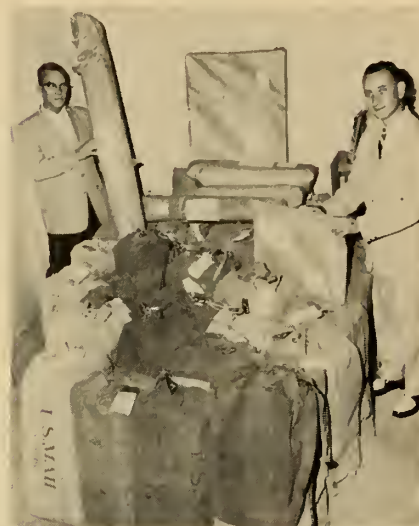
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thodox Church; Union of Evangelical Christian Baptists of the USSR. Total membership of the churches is nearly six million.



Preparing to open mail containing the official papers and documents of the late Senator Francis Case are Dr. Jack J. Early (right) and Professor J. Leonard Jennewein.

Senator Case Papers to FMB

The papers and documents of the late Senator Francis Case have been given to the Friends of the Middle Border Museum, Mitchell, S.Dak., which is affiliated with Methodist-related Dakota Wesleyan University.

All the materials will be made available to graduate students and researchers from colleges everywhere, according to Dr. Jack J. Early, university and FMB president. It is an especially rich source of information on the Upper Missouri River Valley development.

Senator Case and his wife, Myrle,

attended Dakota Wesleyan. His brother is Leland D. Case, editorial director of TOGETHER.

A Francis Case Chair of Citizenship is planned for the school.

Methodist Is Backup Pilot

Astronaut Leroy Gordon Cooper, Jr., a Methodist, has been chosen as backup pilot for Navy Commander Walter Schirra who is slated to make the next space flight sometime in September.

Cooper, 36, is the youngest of the Project Mercury astronauts.

Mrs. Hattie Cooper, Major Cooper's mother, lives near Carbondale, Colo., where she is a member of the Community Methodist Church. Cooper, with his family, lives in Houston, Texas.

Methodists in the News

Judge Beach Vasey, Los Angeles (Calif.) Superior Court judge, is the new national president of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Bishop W. Angie Smith of the Oklahoma-New Mexico Area has been elected general chairman of the program committee of the World Methodist Council.

Kenneth Marshall of Tulsa, Okla., has been elected secretary of the National Association of Church Business Administrators.

Bishop Herbert Welch, retired, of New York has been named vice-chairman of the newly organized American Afro-Asian Educational Exchange.

Dr. Harold E. Mayo of New York has been elected executive director of



Bishop Eugene Slater of Topeka, Kans., dedicates the new Spencer-Quayle wing and Filley Chapel at Methodist-related Baker University. The Kenneth A. and Helen F.

Spencer Foundation, Kansas City, gave the \$150,000 wing; and the late Everett R. Filley and his widow, Velma Filley of Houston, Texas, gave the \$50,000 Filley Chapel.

the Lord's Day Alliance of the United States.

Robert Sands has been appointed director of Methodist public relations for the Illinois Area, effective September 1.

Dr. Lowell B. Swan, pastor of Warren Memorial Methodist Church, Denver, Colo., has been named president of Methodist-related Iliff School of Theology, Denver.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Had Camera—and Traveled: This year we were dazzled by the exceptional quality of transparencies submitted by TOGETHER readers for our sixth annual Photo Invitational: Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life [pages 37-44]. They confirm not only that our readers are fine, sensitive lens artists but also that they are circumforaneous (translation: go from place to place)!

Miss Minna L. Herzig, for example, was on a bus trip through Egypt and the Holy Land when a crowd of poorly dressed children surrounded the bus, begging for pennies and bubble gum [page 37]. Lt. Col. Jack C. Novak found "hairs of wretchedness and need" [page 38] in clochards asleep on the stone embankment of Paris' Seine River, while Miss Lorraine Dury and Dean Loshbaugh photographed Hong Kong children [page 39] and a Korean farmer [page 40] to illustrate other ways of life. H. Stanley Johnson, on the other hand, was only an hour's drive from home when he snapped the sun-bathed marble pillars of Manhattan [page 37]. But far apart as they were in judging locations, they still had something in common: each submitted a 35-mm transparency.

Here are photo credits for this issue:

Cover—Bob Taylor, Alpha • Page 2 Bot.—Chicago Historical Society • 2 & 3 Top-10-33—Leland D. Case • 15—Jan Fardell • 16-71—Religious News Service • 19—Lutheran Church Productions Inc. • 24 R.—Bob Wilcox Studio • 28 Bot.—Robert J. Higgins • 29 Top—Laughhead Photographers • 34—Coop. Agricola Evangelica • 52—Harry N. Abrams, Inc. • 62—Canadian Government Travel Bureau • 77 Top-78-79—Jim McEldowney • 77 Bot.—Robert Nave • 36-49-64-65-66-67-76—George P. Miller.

For all photographers, from amateurs to skilled professionals, who want to know the *how* of the photographs in *Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life* [pages 37-44], here are the credits and exposure data (all film Kodachrome unless otherwise stated):

Page 37 Top—Minna L. Herzig, Point Pleasant Beach, N.J., Leica M3, 1/100 at f/5.6; • Bot.—H. Stanley Johnson, Pleasantville, N.Y., Leica IIIIf, 1/50 at f/5.6 • 38 Top—Min Sapis, New York, N.Y., Leica M3, 1/250 at f/11 on Super Anscochrome; • Bot.—Jack C. Novak, APO 11, New York, N.Y., Leica M3, 1/50 at f/2.8 • 39—Lorraine Dury, Green Bay, Wis., Contax, 1/50 at f/5.6 • 40—Dean Loshbaugh, Tulsa, Okla., Argus C3, 1/50 at f/5.6 • 41—Doris Barker, Rochester, N.Y., Miranda, 1/60 at f/4 on Dynachrome with Pola-Screen filter • 42—Wilma Berry, Sweetwater, Texas, Kodak Automatic 35mm, 1/50 at f/8 • 43 Top—Nelson Merrifield, Port Arthur, Ontario, Leica M3, 1/100 at f/11 on Kodachrome II; • Bot.—Harold Gorton, Garden Grove, Calif., Exakta, 1/50 at f/6.3 • 44—Peggy Jo Buddenberg, Hamilton, Mo., Argus C3, 1/100 at f/5.6 on Kodachrome.

FEEDING FIFTY

For

HEARTY AUTUMN APPETITES



They're ready for the ham and bean supper. It was served as a feature of a bazaar held by St. Marks women.

IN SOUTHERN Illinois and Indiana, and through the mountains of Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, and Tennessee, there's a favorite dish that is inexpensive, filling, and easy to prepare. And it is packed with protein and tastes even better when it is reheated.

This dish, perfect for sharpened autumn appetites, is beans—white beans boiled with ham or salt pork and served with corn bread.

Now, I know these beans lack the "color" of more glamorous foods. But, since my mother came from Missouri, I grew up liking them, and I know of churches where ham-and-bean suppers have been a rousing success. So I was delighted to send recipes along to Mrs. Clarence Everett of Tulsa, Okla., when she wrote me that the Woman's Society of Christian Service at St. Marks Methodist Church

there was planning a bean supper.

The information on how many beans, with ham, would be required to serve 50 persons came from Mrs. Melvin Blackford of Danville, Ill. At Lincoln Methodist Church there, they have annual ham-and-bean suppers with which they serve coleslaw, coffee, and pie or cake. On the tables, they put chopped onions and catsup.

In Tulsa, the menu was the same, with apple pie for dessert. The women made about \$200 toward contributions to the Oklahoma Methodist Manor of Tulsa, for older persons; the Frances E. Willard Home for Girls, also in Tulsa; and the Wesleyan Settlement Center in Oklahoma City.

You'll find the recipes below. Don't make your corn bread too sweet. And consider using red cabbage slaw for color.—SALLY WESLEY

Ham and Beans (for 50)

5 quarts of navy beans	1 tablespoon salt
3 gallons plus one cup of water	7 pounds cured ham, cooked and diced, with ham bone

Wash beans. Bring water to boiling. Add beans and boil two minutes. Remove from heat and let soak one hour (overnight if this is more convenient). Add salt, ham, and ham bone. Cook $\frac{3}{4}$ hour (longer if you have time). Begin counting cooking time when water returns to a boil.

Corn Bread (for 50)

6 cups cornmeal	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup baking powder
6 cups flour, sifted	4 eggs
1 cup sugar (optional)	$\frac{1}{2}$ quarts milk
1 tablespoon salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ cups shortening, soft

Sift together dry ingredients into mixer bowl. Add eggs, milk, and shortening. Start mixer at low speed, increase to medium speed and beat until batter is fairly smooth (about $\frac{1}{2}$ minute). Do not overbeat. Bake in two greased pans (16"x10"x2") in a hot oven (425 degrees) for 20 to 25 minutes.



For the memory book: Between classes, their native India half a world away, they romp in Minnesota snow.

Skilled Hands for *India*

LODHIPUR Institute, Methodism's 104-year-old mission school at Shahjahanpur, is near India's northern border where towering Himalayan peaks cradle the small neighboring kingdom of Nepal [see *Nepal, on Top of the World*, October, 1959, page 37]. Here, permanent new buildings and workshops are teeming with activity, giving substance and leadership to India's dream of industrial progress.

Far-reaching plans are in motion in this recently independent nation to break the bonds of a primitive agricultural economy and provide the jobs and consumer goods necessary to raise the standard of living of India's nearly 440 million people. In recent years, hundreds of thousands of men and women have been moving into cities and towns where industrial plants have been built. But manpower alone is not enough; the country still must remedy a grave shortage of persons with the training and know-how required in modern industry.

Since it was established as Methodism's first educational institution in India, Lodhipur had concentrated on arts and crafts while teaching improved farming methods as a means of improving the Indian way of life. Then suddenly the school, already severely limited in funds and qualified personnel, found itself challenged by India's crying need for men who could teach and work in such fields as television, radio, refrigeration, printing, the metal trades, and automotive mechanics.

At that time, the Rev. Julian W. Nave, for 40 years a missionary in India, was manager of the schools, farm, and boys boarding facilities at Lodhipur. He had refused to despair as he watched Lodhipur fall into neglect, its mud buildings crumbling before his eyes. Instead, he sent a plea to friends in America. Funds began to arrive and conditions were improved, but there was not enough money to transform Lodhipur into a much-needed technical school.

Help came in January, 1958, when the Ford Foundation set aside a grant of \$66,000 for a training program designed to send young Indians to America for intensive study at the famed Dunwoody Industrial Institute in Minneapolis, Minn. A month after the grant was made, seven men were on their way to the United States. Two years later the students, now specialists in as many fields, were back at Shahjahanpur, ready to staff Methodism's first-class technical training school.

Today, skilled hands by the dozens are being turned out at Lodhipur. Mr. Nave, with his wife, has retired in Florida, and their son, Robert, is serving as director of the school's Christ-centered program. A layman, the son says, "Industry in India needs Christ and Christians to help bring stability to the new, fast-growing communities, to give uprooted people faith, hope, and love, and to help fill the newly created vacuum brought about in 20th century India by the breakdown of older social forms."

The hands are the important thing—for without their careful training, skill, and dedication, both lathe and micrometer would be dead, useless machines, and a dream would die.



Back home from America, Lodhipur's industrial-training staff poses with the school's manager, Bob Nave (farthest right) by their modern technical building.





Daniel Paul (left) learned radio and electronics at Dunwoody Institute in America, and is well-qualified to teach them to such promising students as V. Sukh.

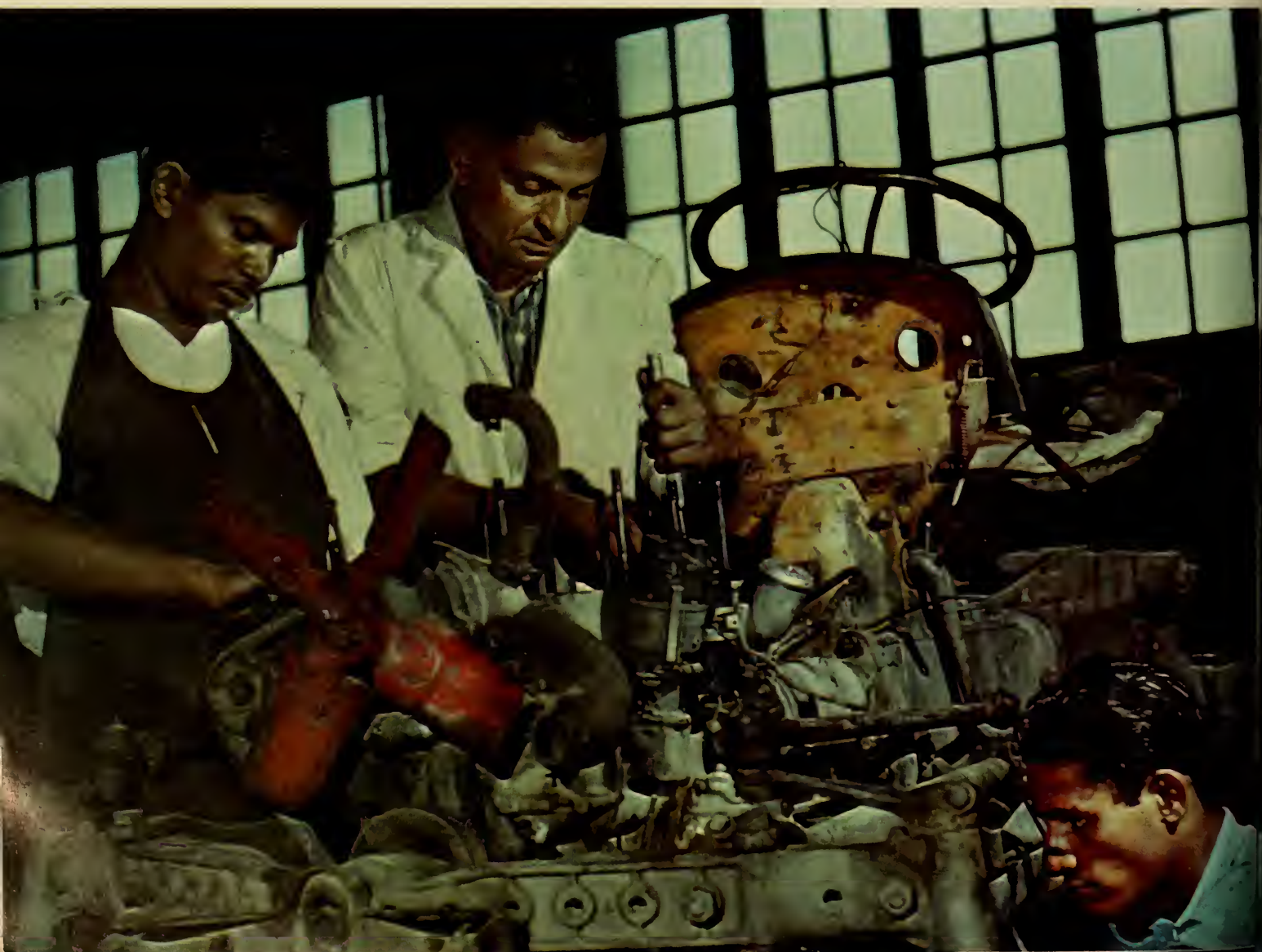
THIS IS the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes. This quotation from Psalms 118:23 is on the cornerstone of Lodhipur Institute's new technical building, and its theme is found everywhere about the 40-acre campus and farm where buildings of brick and cement have replaced the neglected structures of a few years ago.

Lodhipur's \$300,000 industrial-technical department is being financed by the Ford Foundation grant and contributions from Indian and American Methodists—but its importance must be measured by more than the dozens of skilled workers being trained to strengthen India's rapidly developing industrial economy.

But a vital part—in fact, *the* vital part of Lodhipur's whole program is the daily worship service and the teachings of Christ that have been included to give India's new industry a philosophy to make its spiritual progress compatible with its material progress.

"As a result," says Robert Nave, "lives are being changed. A former student and staff member got his call to preach as a missionary in Sarawak from the Methodist Church of India. Another is a district superintendent.... But besides ministers, Lodhipur graduates include many teachers, government workers, and other laymen who are devoted Christians witnessing by their daily lives."

Diesel tractors + Lodhipur-trained mechanics = farm and industrial progress for India.



*No matter how skilled its
technicians become with tools,
India's progress toward
industrialization would stall
without the printed word.
Here a student learns how to
handset a stick of type.*



*These young men, enjoying a
musical evening, fit into India's
scheme of things, both as technicians
and as Christian leaders.*





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In permanent form at last

Now at last, the greatest of these celebrated concerts have been put in permanent form — to be relived, re-read, re-played, returned to over the years.

They will be published, in the fall of this year, in the form of a unique musical treasure chest: records and a book that together encompass the heart of this extraordinary musical education.

About the contents

THE BOOK, beautifully illustrated with over 50 color pictures and 100 musical examples and diagrams, contains Mr. Bernstein's incomparable commentaries, rewritten for reading.

THE FIVE LONG-PLAYING 7" RECORDS are performed by major orchestras, chiefly the New York Philharmonic under Leonard

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Never before has such a magical *open sesame* to musical understanding been made available to the family.

Mr. Bernstein's narrative is alive with his exuberant joy in music, his genius for making us understand. He ranges over the whole world of music.

He writes of Beethoven and of folk songs. He shows how Bach constructs a fugue, following "instructions" as precise as those that come with a child's Erector Set — then lets you hear an example, from the fourth Brandenburg Concerto, played by the Philharmonic.

He shows how a symphonic work develops — and grows — from its first note to its finale.

He explains orchestration with a score-it-yourself experiment for the young reader — and a Ravel recording to demonstrate the special effects of the various instruments.

He explains the techniques of composition that produce the shimmering "colors" of Debussy's *La Mer* — and plays it for you. He tells — and illustrates with records — what makes it *romantic*, what makes it American, or French, or Italian; what makes it funny. And one of the special delights in store for

you is the example he gives, on a record, from a great symphony that makes you laugh: Prokofiev's "Classical" Symphony.

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